2.

CYTHEREA,

OR THE

Enamouring Girdle.

A NEW

COMEDY.

Written by *JOHN SMITH* of *Snenton* in *York-shire*, Gent.

Decies repetita placebant.

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ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

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To the Northern

GENTRY.

Gentlemen,

I Send you a preſent, ſuch as my weak fancy (but meanly aſſiſted with the powerful help of Art and Learning, and wholly relying upon Your generous favour) could compoſe: I mean a Comick Poem made and faſhioned in your own Country, and not in the attire and dreſs of refined Compoſitions, ſuch as are adorned with more natural beauty by the artificial Pens, and happy experience of Southern Wits. It carries no gay colours in the Frontiſpiece, nor is commended to you under the ſeal of applauſe obtained from a ſmiling Theater, for as yet it hath not been preſented publickly upon the Stage: But ſome worthy perſons who have taken the pains to read it over, will needs perſwade me againſt my own opinion that there is ſomething in it which ought not to be totally buried in Oblivion: And further (as I am informed) one of the beſt Comical Poets in London (whoſe judgment is without exception) did approve of it, and ſeriouſly preſented it to the Players as worthy to be acted; but they were unwilling, becauſe (as they ſaid) it was not writ in ſo plain familiar words as the taking Comedies of the Time, which did hit the preſent humors of the City better than mine: Beſides they could not act it to the life without much expence in contriving Scenes and Machins to their great loſs, if the Spectators ſhould not prove charitable in their cenſures: But the main objection (as I am told) was, that Scene being

To the Northern Gentry.

being laid at the City of York, *I make ſome perſons in the* Play *ſpeak higher language than may rationally be expected from* Northern *Men and Women. Wearied with ſuch dilatory repulſes (though ſome of their reaſons in my own judgment are not impertinent) I reſolved to forbear further courtſhips to the coy* Theaters, *and to throw my ſelf and my Comedy for protection into your generous boſoms: And whether your ſentence be life or death, allow me the honor to ſubſcribe my ſelf,*

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt Faithful

and

Humble Servant

JOHN SMIT.

Venus descends in a Chariot drawn by Doves, attended by Nymphs and Cupids, Musicians playing in the Clouds.

She speaks the PROLOGUE, *having on a rich flaming Girdle.*

DRamatique *Poems famous in this age,*
As they are acted on your English *stage,*
Invite a Goddess from above to day
At the Dukes Theater *to see a Play:*
The Lady-Players say this Author's Pen
Writes something worth my pains —but not the men.
Their Poet begs of me the Cyprian *Queen*
With you, serene Spectators of his Scene,
To intercede for daring to present
His Yorkshire *Muse- --a trembling innocent*
Before the wisest Censors to be found
Of Comedy *on* Europæan *ground:*
He's fearful to exhibite Northern wit
Where such Commissioners in judgement sit.
But, honoured Judges, can you be severe,
When I do Prologuise to please you here?
My Cestus *to his Ladies I have lent*
For your delight and their incouragement.
Some courteous sign of kindness should be made-----
But still the timorous Poet is afraid:
For here's a firmament on every side
With shining lamps of beauty stellified:
In Theaters *when* Goddesses *appear,*
Some Poet-Laureat's *work they come to hear:*
But his pretension's not to wreaths of Bays,
One clap his expectation amply pays:
If you mistrusting merit will not be
Before hand prodigal ——— yet — honour me.

Venus retires stately within the Scene, Musicians playing, *&c.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir *Adrian Somerfield*---- in disguise by name of *Oblivio*.
Sir *Eucosmus*, a Noble Burgess, and Justice of Peace in *York*.
Tibullus, a well bred Gentleman.
Warran, the Justices Clerk found to be *Adrastus*.
Master *Seeker*, a Phanatick Minister at last turn'd Conformist.
John Clay, a half bred Gentleman.
Fidelio, a faithful Trustee.
Julian, a treacherous friend.
Tax and *Simia*, *Julians* two followers.
Andrew Grant, a Pedlar.
Grex, Chapmen to the Pedlar.
Constable and *Watchmen*.
Serjeants, *Bayliffs*, *Servants*, *Musistians*.

WOMEN.

Cytherea, Lady to Sir *Eucosmus*.
Delia, Sister to Sir *Eucosmus*.
Mariana, the Ladies woman found to be *Placilla*.
Nymphs.

SCENE, City of YORK.

CYTHEREA
OR THE
Enamouring Girdle.

ACT I.

Cytherea *alone*, *holding the Flaming Girdle.*

Cyth. HEre I am miſtreſs of fair *Helens* Girdle,
Woven in looms of *Paphos*---with a Fringe
Of Laces wrought by *Erycinas* needle :
A Princely preſent from the Queen of Love
To kindle fires of Kindneſs in a Husband,
Oblige his thoughts from ſtraying, and his mind
To prize his Wife above all Woman-kind.
Experimental potency of this
Ineſtimable Jewel's undiſcover'd
By me, for Curioſity is needleſs.
My Husband Sir *Eucoſmus* is obſequious
To me his Wife in Loyal Conſtancy
Paſſing a Womans wiſh, againſt the mode
Of Gallants French behaviour in this age.
And witneſs Heaven----in *Cythereas* breſt
Love like a Veſtal fire burns purely chaſt
With a deſire peculiar to my Husband.
But yet a Feminine frailty over-rules
And longing Appetite will needs entice me
To prove the efficacy of this Spell,
Like *Phaeton* to mount his Fathers Chariot.
When once unruly will prevails in Women
No Reaſon can diſſwade deſires----but mine
Are harmleſs like *Lucretia's* at her Pray'rs.
Circle me, Gentle *Ceſtus*----I put on
In thought no Wanton---- but a Virgin zone.

To Her---- Tibullus.

Tib. Where are you fair one?----When the Sun retires
To reſt his covered face on *Tethys* lap
A general ſtupidity benums
Forſaken living Souls.

Cyth. Remove, *Tibullus*,
From my apartment-----Solitude ſorts beſt
With Pious Meditations.

Tib. Firſt renew
My Leaſe of Life by caſting from your eye
One radiant Beam at leaſt, and then proſcribe me.

Cyth. Such words offend a modeſt Matrons ear;
And I command you ceaſe----- [*Strikes him with her Girdle.*

Tib. Then Madam, ceaſe t'inſpire me.

Cyth. Cytherea is no Goddeſs.

Tib. What means this Emblem then? has Madam *Venus* [*He plays with her Girdle.*
Reſign'd to you (of Love a fairer Empreſs)
Her Cyprian Girdle.-----Oh---my Heart is wounded,
And Flames of Love are violent within me: [*Aſide.*
A Preſident how wanton rallery
For Faſhion ſake may generate a Feaver
Incurable, unleſs ſhe can be gracious.

Cyth. At this Self-conference, or cloſe Committtee
What was your Parley?

Tib. Cytherea's Vertues,
Her Beauty, Compoſition, and Endowments.

Cyth. Tibullus, leave that Subject.

Tib. I muſt cloſe
My Lips, becauſe I want the Tongue of Angels.

Cyth. Why----any Modern *Orpheus* of the Times
(Though he have loſt his voice by catching cold)
May ſoon ſing over my Accompliſhments,
For they are Nullities-----and I muſt call you-----

Tib. Strike gently, Madam.

Cyth. Flattering Poetaſter.

Tib. Then call him Paraſite, or fawning Pickthank
Who do's adore Divinity----but, Madam,
Be Penitenciary to your ſervant's
Auricular confeſſion of ſome Lapſes
With ſecrecy, and give him abſolution.
Pray----- lend your Ear. [*He comes up to her.*

Cyth. Come cloſe---- away---- this is not
Auricular---- but oſcular confeſſion.

Tib. Fain would I climb upon that Golden Mountain
Where Pleaſures and Felicity abound.
But bluſhing Honour ſhuts the Gate, and hinders

Fruition

Fruition of what's not intirely mine.
Cyth. *Pliny* aſpir'd a Mountain's top to climb,
And periſhed:---- Ambition is a crime.
Tib. Precipitation is not fear'd at all
By me:----- if I aſcend, then you muſt fall.
Cyth. No more of this---- how like you my new-faſhion'd Girdle.
Tib. Unpittied I make my moan,
It is no Girdle, but the torrid Zone.
And yet my burning lips for joy muſt kiſs
Thee----- flaming *Ceſtus*, author of my bliſs,
To periſh in thy fire is honourable.
Cyth. Th' enamouring Girdle's but a Poets fable,
(Pardon untrue diſſembling, gentle Goddeſs) [*Aſide*
And ſo is *Cupids* blind Artillery,
And *Cupids* Mother----
Tib. O--- no--- this is ſhe.
Cyth. Corrupt affection feigns the ſpecious name
Of Goddeſs with a veil to cover ſhame.
Tib. Do not prophane th' unſpotted ſhining Star
Of Beauty----
Cyth. Wanton Ladies are not fair.
Tib. Pitty me, Madam; I am ſick, and wait for
A ſudden paſport to th' Elyſian Shades.
Cyth. Send for Phyſicians-----
Tib. You alone may reſcue
Death's captive from the grave----- but I deſpair
To find a ſanctuary in your Boſom.
Cyth. My heart is not of Marble, but ſoon melting
In Streams of kindneſs; *Cytherea* never
Did ſuck a Tiger's breſt.
Tib. Harmonious Muſick!
Apply ſome lenitives to heal your Patient.
Cyth. If in my power and warranted by honour.
Tib. Then fan my burning fever with ſoft air, [*She fans him with her Girdle.*
Such as *Favonius* breaths when he ſlides over
Arabia Felix---no---- dear Madam, thus---- [*He blows on her face.*
Blow with a gale of ſweetneſs thus---upon me.
Cyth. Stand near me then---- how--- thus! [*She blows.*
Tib. Yes, Madam, thus---- [*He kiſſes at the breaches (.)*
Cyth. I cannot do it well----- thus [*She blows.*
Tib. Madam, thus----(.)
Blow once again.
Cyth. It's well----
Tib. A thouſand times----
Thus---(.) Madam, thus---(.) breath once again.

Cyth. Fy--no:
If I have blown or breath'd upon the ſcore
Of thoughts laſcivious, let me breath no more.
To them Delia, Mariana.
Cyth. Come, pretty Madam *Delia*, you obſcure
Celeſtial beauty under clouds too long
From me and from *Tibullus*.
Del. I have made
A progreſs, Madam---
Cyth. Where?
Del. Where I have ſeen
A Manſion fit to entertain a Queen:
I mean this place, the Paradiſe of pleaſure,
The Summer-houſe and Palace of the *Graces*,
More neat and ſplendid than a Virgin-Bride,
Trim'd in her Nuptial dreſſes, where I feaſted
My curious ſenſes to ſatiety.
Cyth. Since your retirement to the Baths, my Houſe
Is lately furniſht, but not half ſo trim
As *Delia*'s language.
Del. All the Rooms are hung
With choice of *Perſian* Tap'ſtry----
Tib. And perfum'd.
With Myrrh and Caſſia----
Del. Coverings of the Stools
Are *Tyrian* Purple---
Tib. Every Table ſpread
With Carpets come from *Ormus*---
Del. And the Beds
Softer than down of Swans---
Tib. Or fleecy air---
Del. Here are the *Fortunate Iſlands*---
Tib. Or the Gardens
Where Madam *Venus* courted gay *Adonis*---
Del. Here is the Bower of *Erycina*---
Tib. Or,
To ſum up all, here's *Cytherea*'s Temple.
Cyth. And you ſhall be my *Flamens* of devotion
To burn *Sabæan* odors on my Altar,
And offer vows upon the ſmoaky wings
Of Frankincenſe, then chaſe away the Goats
From broufing on my Myrtle---you ſhall yeak
In true loves Harneſs mildeſt Doves and Swans
To carry me for *Cyprus*----*Mariana*,
Adminiſter an Oath in ſolemn form
To bind obedience faſt.

Tib.

Tib. By this white hand----
Del. By thoſe fair eyes----
Tib. By *Cytherea*'s *Ceſtus*
The Enamouring Girdle----
Del. And by *Venus* mole
Upon your neck----
Tib. And by this milky way
Between two Ivory trembling hills---
Ambo. We ſwear
To live and die true Votaries of love.
Cyth. Then, *Mariana*, write their proteſtations
And regiſter their vows---in ſtreams of Rivers,
For laſting Monuments upon record
To plead againſt apoſtacy of Lovers.
Tib. My faith is bound in chains----
Cyth. So mighty ſtrong
As bracelets made of hair, or feeble yarn
That Spiders weave---the *Cyprian Goddeſs* ſmiles
When love-ſick Ladies perjury beguiles.
Tib. Will a religious promiſe undeceive
A misbelieving Lady---let me ſee---
What if I ſeal a Covenant on the Altars
Of *Cytherea*'s lips---
Del. And kiſs the book---- [*He kiſſes.*
Tib. Never to break my faith, or turn Apoſtate.
Cyth. Nor violate your plighted troth by oath
To Madam *Delia*----
Tib. I muſt ſwear again then---
Cyth. O--no--the ſwearing Ceremony's ended----
Haſte, *Mariana*, to deſire your Maſter [*Aſide to her Maid.*
In my withdrawing Cloſet ſeat himſelf
In poſture like a Picture, or ſome Statue
Of *Parian* marble----Gallants, now prepare [*Exit* Mar.
With piercing eyes of judgment to behold
An Object---ſuch as will for workmanſhip
With admiration ſtrike a curious fancy--- [*The Scene opens and diſcovers*
This ſeeming living Picture. *Sir* Euc. *as a Statue.*
Tib. Sir *Excoſmus!*
As lively as himſelf---
Del. One pearl of dew
Kiſſing the drooping cheeks of flowers in *May*
Is not ſo like another---
Tib. Madam, we
Himſelf not his ſimilitude here ſee---
Del. Siſter, my living Brothers preſence here
Might move a queſtion---whether both were Statues,

Or

Or both my living Brothers---
Tib. Some *Prometheus*
Has ſtoln the natural colours on his face,
His auborn locks of hair, and ivory teeth
Out of the Cabinet of *Ganymede*---
Meaning Mariana *ſtanding by her.* Is this a Statue too of Madam *Hebe*? No--it can bend the ſupple joynts--I ſee. *She falls back as he offers to touch her.*
Cyth. Here *Cytherea*'s eyes pay frequent tribute,
And flaming love performs an hourly duty
To my *Endymion* ſleeping in a Bower
Of ſweeteſt Woodbine, Eglantine, and Roſes:
Sometimes I clap my deareſt Statue's cheeks,
And ſteal a kiſs as ſweet as Honey-ſuckle.
Del. And ſo will I---
Cyth. Nay---prithee, *Delia*, ſtay---
Del. One harmleſs kiſs---
Cyth. You muſt not---
Del. Let me go---
Cyth. No--I am jealous---
Del. Of a fire in ſnow---
Cyth. Hold---you may take a ſurfeit with exceſs---
Del. Then Picture-kiſſing is voluptuouſneſs.
Cyth. Injurious Wench, refrain!-- but it's no matter,
For bluſhes thy miſtake will ſoon betray---
Laugh at her--- [Tyb. *and* Cyth. *laugh.* Delia *ſtarts back.*
Del. Maiden modeſty preſerve me
From ſuch unhallowed lips of Goatiſh pictures---
I took for Alablaſter.
Sir. Euc. Siſter *Delia*,
The influence of your fructifying breath
Infuſes vital ſpirits in my Organs,
Such as did once inform *Pygmalion*'s Statue---
My deareſt Jewel, this was thy invention [*To* Cyth.
To win and ſteal upon my amourous heart,
Unable to hold out againſt the force
Of *Cytherea*'s all-ſubduing graces:
Thy lips ſhall be the battery---and leſt harms
Enſue, I beg for quarter in thy arms.---
A dance ſhall end our courtſhip--- [*Dance.*
Lead in the Ladies, generous *Tibullus*,
And ſend forth *Warran*-----

Sir *Eucoſmus*, *Warran*, *Officer*, *Oblivio.*

-----*War.* Sir, the Watch without
Wait for Commiſſion from you how to puniſh
A peeping idle fellow.
Sir Euc. Call them in,

Who's

Who's this ?
Offi. Some lurking Spy, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.---
A wandring Rogue---a bundle of concealments---
Warr. Some pilgrim *Switzer*---
Offi. One that has been ſeeking
His name an hour or two, but cannot find it.
Warr. Friend, What's your name ? [*Writes down his Exam.*
Obl. Excuſe-----
Warr. Excuſe----your Surname !
Obl. I ſay, excuſe---
Warr. So I have writ.
Obl. Excuſe weak memory.
Warr. *Excuſe Weak-memory.*
Obl. I ſay, excuſe weak memory.
Warr. Be not captious,
For I have writ your name juſt ſo---*Excuſe,*
Whence came you ?
Obl. Miſery always is derided.
Sir. Euc. None ſhall deride or mock thee---do but anſwer.
Obl. To what ? weak memory has forgot the queſtion.
Warr. Whence came you friend ?
Obl. Oh---once I was a Chriſtian
By name *Oblivio.*
Warr. Friend, what are you now---
An Infidel ?
Obl. In truth I am not ſure---
Excuſe weak memory---for I was a Slave
Among the Turks---
Warr. And turn'd a Muſſelman----
Obl. In truth---I am not ſure---for--look you, Sir,
My fierce Patroon, inhumane *Durach-Bey*---
Did name me *Catemogly.*
Warr. *Oblivio, Catemogly, Durach-Bey*---
Daſh out *Excuſe*---all muſt be writ fair over.
Sir Euc. Knights Errant make hiſtorical relation
Of fabulous Adventures, and recount
Falſe Inventories of their croſs misfortunes
To move compaſſion, or acquire vain-glory.
Obl. My Story is no fabulous Adventure,
But true as *Sibyll*'s writings : witneſs for me
Thou overflowing Rivolet of tears,
That ſerves to bath my body lame with ſtripes----
Let my Confeſſion be ſet down I pray you [*to* Warrant
With pen propenſe to pitty.
Warr. Hear me read it---
The Examination of Catemogly *taken the ſecond day*---

Sir

Sir Euc. Stay---make not misery and poor mens grief
your pastime, *Warran*, rather stroak them softly.
Obl. I was a Galley Slave, and these weak arms
Tug'd at a Turkish Oar with woful pains
Full fifteen Summers---as my Pasport mentions.
Sir Euc. May one peruse it?
Obl. Yes, Sir.--Cursed Paper---
In this extreme necessity to vanish, [*He seeks for his Pass,*
And hide thy wicked face--umh--think *Oblivio*--- *but cannot find it?*
Where it was lost out of thy Purse of leather---
Excuse weak memory--I strive in vain
To wash away an *Æthiopian* stain.
My last recourse is to the Pouch of darkness. [*A little private Purse*
Are you within?---yes---make me thankful for it. *within the t'other.*
Sir Euc. What's here?--good--very good--run for my Lady-- [*Gives it*
Read it again---umh--good--exceeding good--- *to Sir* Euc. *he reads.*
You may depart---this new Gazette comprises [*Exit Offi.*
A volume of good news. Read, *Cytherea*, [*Enter* Cyth.
And then burn heaps of Myrrh with sweet perfumes
To canonize this day a Festival:
Let Conduits run with Claret, and for sign
Of greater triumph clap my lips with thine.
Cyth. My Father is at last releas'd from bondage
In spight of *Mahomet*---you Powers above
Witness I entertain this blessing from you
With grateful acceptation---slow-pac'd minutes,
Fly with a speedier wing to meet my Father,
To me unknown because of envious absence:
You Nymphs of hospitality strew roses
And lilies in his way, crown every brow
With flowry wreaths of *Flora*'s honyed store:
And when you meet---salute not--but adore.
Sir Euc. This Evening, *Cytherea*, we shall meet
On bended knees a blessing from thy Father,
After a separation from Relations
By froward fate for fifteen tedious Winters
In servitude, thy Souls best part and mine
Sir *Adrian*, our Father's safe return'd?
Amphion with his Lute shall welcome sing,
And minstrel *Orpheus* finger every string,
Æthereal Violins when he appears
Shall play salutes with musick of the Spheres.
Cyth. Why weeps my Fathers Envoy?
Obl. Stop your floodgates, [*Aside.*
Disloyal drops, or else you will betray me.
Cyth. Was I remiss and slow to bid thee welcome

With

With flowing courteſie? then prethee chide me,
But ſhed no tears: dear *Nuncio*, dry that moiſture
With this---and this. [*Throws him Purſes.*
Obl. You over-priſe my merit.
Cyth. Welcome, thou Meſſenger of Soveraign joy,
Worthy to carry *Joves* celeſtial Pacquets
In place of *Mercury*, and *Juno*'s letters
In place of Madam *Iris*.---Where's thy Maſter?
Obl. He went for *Bellamont* his Manor-houſe
To ſhift apparel---for it was like mine---
Reſolving on a viſit here this night.
Sir Euc. Why was not this report, *Oblivio*, freely
Imparted without circumſtance at firſt?
Was it too precious for me?
Obl. Noiſe and ſtripes
My crazy brain have ſhaken out of order,
Excuſe weak memory---
Cyth. Is my Father well?
Obl. We ſuffered both alike.
Cyth. If juyce of hearbs,
Of roots, or flowers, or Doctor *Æſculapius*
His Shop of Drugs may prove effectual
For medicine---then from old *Tithonus* arms
Aurora ſhall not bluſhing riſe, before
To both a lively vigour I reſtore.
Obl. Reſpective charity is always Handmaid
To faireſt Ladies.
Cyth. Call in *Mariana*---
Obl. ---What muſt I do, dear Madam? [*He runs--but ſtops, and comes back at every breath.*
Cyth. Call my Maid.
Obl. I will-- your Maid forſooth, or Gentlewoman?
Cyth. My Waiting-maid.
Obl. ----Muſt I not term her Miſtreſs?
Cyth. She matters not for title.
Obl. ---Miſtreſs---*Ma*---
Excuſe weak memory, Madam---what's her name?
Cyth. Why---*Mariana*.
Obl. ----Shut her cloſe within
Thy double doors of teeth---woes me--woes me--
She's ſwallowed unawares, and like to choak me.
Cyth. I ſee thy ſpirit's loaden with diſtemper,
Which is augmented more by vehement motion:
Therefore until a ſoft refreſhing dew
Of healing ſlumbers tune thoſe jarring ſtrings,
Move not a footſtep forwards----- onely knock
For *Mariana*.

Enter Mariana.

Obl. (*Knocks*) faireſt flower that grows
In Madam *Flora's* garden, I am ſent
To fetch you.
Mar. Whither?—— to eternal darkneſs
Below! for thou art one of *Pluto's* Serjeants.
Obl. Rather a Nuncio from my courteous Queen
Of Charity——
Mar. Keep from me——
Obl. Lend your arm,
Bloſſom of blooming beauty——
Mar. Madam, ſave me
From paws of ſuch a Ruffian *Bandit.*
Cyth. Away, fond Innocence, thy care muſt wait
With due reſpect on him whom Sir *Eucoſmus*
And I do highly favour, thou muſt play
The Emperick upon his craſie Limbs
Until thy fingers gently ſtroak them ſound:
Go—— feel his Pulſe——
Mar. I dare not for my life——
Touch hairy hides of Bears—— in ſhapes of men.
Cyth. Run to my Cloſet, ſqueamiſh *Mariana*,
There ſtands a precious ointment ſent to me.
That dropt in *Gilead* from a Balſam Tree:
Sweet *Panacea* that on *Ida* grew
Stands near it tempered with *Ambroſian* dew:
Of theſe the healing Medicine compound
That helps a bruiſe or any feſtring wound:
This well appli'd with fomentation cures
Thy Patient, and my love to thee aſſures. [*Exit* Mar.
Sir *Euc.* Call in the Neighbours——
To them Mr. Seeker, John Clay, Sexton *and others.*
——Sir, *Euc.* Welcome Maſter *Seeker*,
And your Pariſhioners, let me preſent you
A Perſon qualified to ſerve the whole Pariſh,
Beyond example learned, grave, and modeſt.
His piety, experience, and devotion
Are written on his brow, and point him out
Your Pariſh-Clerk.
Seek. His face will fright our Children——
Jo. His looks will cauſe the teeming Wives miſcarry——
Sex. For fear of him the dead will break their Coffins.
Seek. Send him to *Baal's* Temple for a Sexton——
Sex. Or Slaughter-man——
Sir *Euc.* Unleaven'd lumps of folly,——
A Barber, and a Taylor will create him

A Reverend Sophy—— prove him, Maſter *Seeker*,
With Problems, Parables, and doubtful Caſes,
As you ſhall be enabled—— then report
To me his confirmation or excluſion. [*Ex.* Sir *Euc.* and *Cyth.*
Seek. Friend, you can Write and Read?
Obl. All Languages——
Seek. All Languages!—— thou Curſed Brat of *Babel!*
Obl. Except the Heathen.
Seek. Oh---- that qualifies:
Where was your Education?
Obl. Once I waited
In *Rome* on Cardinal *Antonio*——
Seek. Peace,
Unhallowed Antichriſtian!
Obl. Then was baniſhed
For railing on his Holineſs Pope *Urban.*
Seek. My bleſſing on thee.
Obl. After Perſecution
I was a zealous Weaver at *Geneva.*
Seek. Judge not of his outſide, ſays *Plato*, for [*He ſpeaks as in an extaſie.*
Vertue abides in the inward man.
Jo. Moſt poſitively true ——
Seek. An Oracle
Prophetick of our ſanctified Weaver:
He is a Babe of grace——
Jo. An honeſt Fellow——
Sex. We read it written on his Brow.
Seek. My Patron
For this reſult will fold us up in's boſom. [*Exeunt.*
Oblivio ſtays alone.
Obl. Thus---- far below the generous blood that flows
In my Heroick veins I bend and ſtoop
To every humor turning like the Wind,
And ſhifting oftner into borrowed ſhapes
Than *Achelous* when he loſt his Horn,
That our familiar *Lares* cannot know me.
Not without ſtain to Gentries ancient gemm,
If judged by cenſorious Laws of honour.
But ſure all ſoft and tender-hearted Parents
Will Patronize my ſelf-denying Plea——
Determined to travel I bequeath'd
My firſt-born Daughter to a friend's Tuition
More faithful than a Prieſt of Goddeſs *Fides*;
For ſhe's preferr'd in hopeful Mariage, where
Hymen was preſent in his Saffron robe
To tie the knot, and *Juno* gave a bleſſing:

Curation of two younger Infants was
Committed to a ſmooth-tongu'd falſe *Volpone*,
Cruel, inhumane, nurſt in *Libyan* deſerts
Among wild beaſts with milk of Wolves, and Tygers:
By him my tender pledges were caſt out
To famiſh in th' uncharitable World.
Paternal inclination makes me ſcout
For ſurer diſquiſition in diſguiſe
To find them out, exploring as a ſpie
Wrapt up in Clouds: And thus I am not I. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Mariana alone----------

Mar. MY Courteous Lady manifeſtly ſhews
Moſt wonderful civility to me:
I am intruſted as her Confident,
And Cabinet for Counſel, her *Mon-cœur*:
Our bodies are divided, not our minds.
Her curious fingers too have made me trim
In ornamental dreſſings like a Bride,
And tied her flaming Girdle thus about me.
To her Warran.
War. Well met fair *Mariana*--nay--you muſt not
Vaniſh as ſwift as thought, or gliding ſtars
That ſhoot, and are as ſoon gone out as ſeen:
When you appear, the morning-ſtar doth riſe
And in his ſilver Mantle beautifies
The ſky with fulgent colours, day-light we
Spy dawning---there's no *Phoſphorus* but ſhe.
And when you leave me, *Æthiopian* night
Spreading her gloomy wings, puts out the light.
Mar. To hear your airy nothing, amorous parley
Is loſs of time——My Lady knocks above.
War. All time is loſt that parlies not of love.
If nature ſome celeſtial ſhape begin
Or Painters mean to draw a *Cherubin*,
Then you muſt be their Pattern: but in vain——
They cannot model ſuch a piece again.
Mar. We ſhall fall out about you——All the females
Will flock to hear the woing Lecturer.

War.

War. Love plays the wanton in her tempting eyes,
And ſports about the mazes of her hair,
A thouſand kiſſes dances upon her lips,
Cupids Spring-garden where he gathers cherries.
Mar. Forget not in your rapſody to wiſh for
Argus his eys to view this dame of pleaſure.
Warr. One hundred are too few. —— Can *Mariana*
Love one that doats upon her, and adores her?
My Miſtreſs is not cruel: bluſhing meekneſs
Sits in a chair of coral on her checks
And with imperial ſweetneſs baniſhes
Clouds from her brow, and marble from her boſom.
Thou ſhalt be drawn by *Cytherea*'s Doves,
And wear the *Ceſtus*.
Mar. Do your Juſtice Warrants
Run in this lofty ſtile?
Warr. My Maſter's Warrants
The mighty Prince of love, whoſe vvords are ſteep'd
In *Nectar* and in honey of mount *Hybla*,
And whoſe Prerogative is univerſal:
At vvhoſe tribunal when he ſends a Summons
You that are coy as *Daphne* then muſt enter
Servile appearance.
Mar. At your Quarter-ſeſſions,
And pay the Clerk his fees, ſpruce Maſter *Warran*!
Warr. That was a corroſive. —— Will *Mariana*
Over a proſtrate bondman at her feet
Inſult with bitterneſs, and break his heart
With harſh unkindneſs,
Mar. Bind me to the Peace then.
Warr. With Fetters let me bind thee, ſuch as once
Demophoon led *Phyllis* Captive in: —— *meaning he got her with Child.*
No other Bonds ſecure the wavering thoughts
Of Woman ——
Mar. Yes —— A *Mittimus* binds faſter ——

Mariana's *MITTIMUS.*

Whereas Mariana *with exceſs of coyneſs worſe than* Diana *plays the Tyrant over our votaries, and has Given repulſe unto our ſervant* Warran, *Theſe do ſignifie it ſhall be lawful to attach her body, and ſecure her until ſhe yield obedience to Loves Empire, and Peace, as tame and gentle as* Sappho *was to* Phaon.

Mar. Then reſolution arm my timerous ſpirit
With daring confidence; for ſhe condemns me
Of Cowardiſe, and ſhews how maiden bluſhes
Covet a violence that's Maſculine:

Dear

Dear *Mariana* be not fugitive [*She offers to go.*
From opportunity, one happy ſign —— [*She looks back.*
One glance behind you, if I may encounter
With voluntary Licence —— [*He falls on.*
Mar. I muſt call then
Upon my Lady —— Madam —— Madam —— Madam —— [*Very low.*
Warr. Call louder, *Mariana!*
Mar. It is miſery
Of miſeries to be a pretty Wench.
Warr. I'le call upon my Lady
Aloud, and hinder thee,
Madam —— Madam —— Madam —— ſave
My maidenhead and me.
My Maſter calls —— ſpeak, Virgin, have I won thee? [*A Bell rings.*
My ſoul in ſeparation waits upon thee. [*Exit* Warran.

Mariana alone.

Mar. I pray Dame Nature lent this ambient Air
For once a whiſpering Tongue to tell my Lady
Of *Warran* ruffian Courtſhip to her Maid:
For baſhful ſhamefaſtneſs ſhuts in my ſpeech.
Yet —— ſtay one moment —— muſt I be moroſe,
And ſuffer none to tell me I am fair?
Why —— then has nature planted on my lips
Cherries, if none muſt gather, none muſt touch them?
But they muſt riot with a crimſon pride
In ſolitude, till Winter come and blaſt them.
No billing Wars of Turtles, no invaſion
Upon my Maiden fortreſs to ſurpriſe it?
That were unnatural, like froſty nights
In Summer time within young Widdows Curtains.
Some harmleſs mirth, ſome inoffenſive touches
Of trembling breaſts, of petticoat, or apron
To paint a Virgins face with Damask Roſes
May well become my flowry month of *May*.
But *Venus* is propitious, and has ſent me
Another ſuitor--St-- obſerve his humour. [*Enter Mr.* Seeker, *and* Oblivio.

To her ſtanding aſide Mr. Seeker, Oblivio, *as Pariſh Clerk.*

Seek. Hard times, *Oblivio!*
Obl. Such an Iron age
Was never hammered on a Poets Anvil.
Seek. Cold conſolation for a painful Paſtor ——
Obl. Or Pariſh Clerk ——
Seek. No New-years-gifts ——
Obl. Nor Offerings ——

Seek. No Funeral Sermons——
Obl. Immortality
Dwells in the Pariſh——dying's out of ſeaſon——
Seek. No fees for drawing Wills——A Teſtament
Would be miraculous with ſuch a clauſe in't——
Item, I give a Ring to Mr. *Seeker*——
Obl. Item——*Oblivio* one ſilver Spoon——
When did you ſee the radiant *Ginney*, Maſter?
Seek. Never——for all good *Angels* did forſake me
When I vvas born——*Oblivio*, my thin ſtipend
Will buy no Books.
Obl. No matter——to ſuch Heathen
You need not read St. *Auſtin* for a Sermon. [*Holds up his hand.*
Seek. Defend us from this crooked generation!
Obl. Stiff-necked Sons of *Adam!*
Seek. They do ſell——
And proſtitute themſelves to deeds of darkneſs——
A gap is opened——I do ſay——a gap
To uſher lewdneſs in.
Obl. You Preach and Pray, [*He imitates* Fanatick
And exerciſe your fervent zeal in ſtorms *geſtures.*
To little purpoſe---thus——while drunken ſinners [*He reels, but* Seeker
Run reeling to perdition---thus---and thus—— *giving way he falls.*
Seek. Oblivio!
Obl. Maſter!
Seek. Go---pluck down the Pulpit——
I ſay——pull down——
Obl. As flat as *Cheap-ſide* Idol:
You ſhall not teach, you ſhall no more unbuckle
Before the wicked ones your ſacred Mail
Of Dreams and Propheſies——
Seek. For Exhortation
Cannot reclaim my caſtavvay Diſciples:
They run to Puppet-playes——and Morrice-dances——
Tread Satan's meaſures round about the *May-poles*——
Obl. Thoſe *Babyloniſh* Pikes!——they run to Taverns,
Where *Sataniſco* ſhevvs up to the *Phœnix*
With Bottles of *Canary*,——
Seek. Shops and Cellars
Of Luxury and Surfeits——then Diſeaſes,
Agues, and Feavers followv——
Obl. By——and by——Sir.
Seek. Is this my hopeful Harveſt, currant payment
For all my pains and Sermons?
Obl. Surely——no——
If merit vvere regarded——

Seek.

Seek. None can merit.
Obl. I ſpeak it under favour,——you deſerve
To take a Prelates Miter———
Seek. That's good——*Oblivio*, drayv your ſpeeches out
With pauſing hum's and ha's——in tuneful ſobs
To creep into the hearts of holy Sifters,
Caſt up your eyes demurely.
Obl. Seriouſly——— [*He practiſes his Leſſon.*
Religion juſtifies——a zealous Matron———
To rob her Husband——and relieve the Paſtor.
Seek. Spoke like an Angel!
Mar. Bleſs me from ſuch Pagans! [Mariana *ſhews her ſelf.*
Seek. May grace and peace of mind be multiply'd
On *Mariana*, ſprouting bud of beauty!
Oblivio, cloſe thy dazeled eyes for fear
Too much illumination ſtrike thee blind.
Obl. In ſooth my ſight's Eclipſed.
Seek. None but Eagles
Behold the Sun.
Obl. Teach me the way——to find you. [*He ſtumbles upon*
Seek. The man is blind in earneſt. Seeker.
Mar. Mr. *Seeker*,
If we be blind, then by the light vvithin you
Lead us in Sunſhine paths, and ſet upright
Our ſtumbling feet.
Seek. But vvho muſt lead the leader?
Saints have their failings, there's no Lamp vvithin me,
No light but vvhat's derivative from you:
O *Mariana!* Tyrant love has kindled
Deſires Concupiſcential——bad deſires———
That boil vvithin my boſom, and vvithall
Work over———
Obl. Works——are but *Apocryphal.*
Mar. Proclaim a Faſt———
Seek. No faſting can ſubdue
Nor ſtrangle loves temptation.
Mar. Then the Saints
Muſt meet in Prayer this paſſion to remove.
Seek. No parting from my darling ſin of love:
My Miſtreſs from my heart remove avvay!
Rather than ſo the Saints ſhall never pray.
Mar. For contemplation lead a ſingle life.
Obl. For procreation be my Maſter's Wife,
Mar. Ile rather be a Nun———
Obl. A Toleration
We'l ſooner grant for Carnal Copulation.——

Seek.

Seek. O *Mariana*, Matrimonial yokes
Cement the Common-wealth, and couple houſes
In links of amity, the Condiment
Of marriage ſweetens Wormwood, and without it
Ambroſia taſtes like Henbane.
Obl. My dear Babes——
Matrimony is an holy Inſtitu--ti-on--warranted by the Word.---Secondly,——To me it is revealed---this pure immaculate Virgin---muſt be eſpouſed to pious Mr. *Seeker*.—— Thirdly,——I am ſent by impulſe of Spirit—— to joyn two Saints in Wedlock. { *He hums and ha's at the breaches.*
Mar. And I forbid the Banes.
Obl. ——Lead Apes in Hell then
Thou veiled *Roman* Veſtal! Zeal inſpires me
To root out Superſtition, leave no Nunneries
Standing for Whores of *Babylon* to rooſt in,
And Idol ſtarch I'le waſh out of their Linnen.
Mar. Peace *Ananias!*
Obl. When the ſcornful Lady
Pronounces——Kiſs me, my ſpiritual Turtle.
Mar. Away——thou Pander to hypocriſie,
Thou ſeeming ſanctity with ſhifts of faces!——
Pure *Nicodemus*, you muſt bruſh the duſt [*To* Seeker.
And ſweep away the Cobwebs that pollute
A rambling brain with factious ſelf conceit.
Sigh not impertinences out at length
As men draw Wire, no wild extravagances
As loud as Thunder, like a huffing *Flamen*
Of Madam *Cybele* at ſacrifices,
Then falling ſuddenly below ef——fa——uth.
Zeal that is pure, religious and devout
Burns in a ſober, mild, and even temper,
Not blazing as a Meteor. When this ſign
Riſeth emergent, then you may be mine.
Seek. My Miſtreſs ſmil'd upon me.
Obl. That's but common.
Seek. She made a promiſe.
Obl. Yes——but ſhe's a Woman. [*Ex.* Seek. & Obl.

Cytherea, Mariana.

Cyth. Hold me,---my ſides will burſt---why---*Mariana*, [*Laughing.*
Here was an Enterlude in Comick dreſs
By thee preſented, and enamel'd too,
With gayety of nimble-dancing wit,
Bound up together in *Thalia's* Garter.
Thy graceful ſentences, and ſharp replies,

Flow from the *Theſpian* Spring in Rivolets,
Which we ſuck up like Lovers ſugared Kiſſes,
Enough to melt a ſmile from Cenſor *Cato*.
Mar. Why this Encomium, Madam?
Cyth. You deſerve it.
Mar. In my dependance on your Lady-ſhip
(Where ſuch example manners much refines)
Some generous principles muſt needs deſcend
To your Idolatreſs.
Cyth. Draw up your Sluces
Auricular to let in *Helicon*,
For floods of Complement break in upon us:
Sure, *Mariana*, thou muſt be in love.
Mar. I am——
Cyth. With whom?
Mar. None but my Ladies goodneſs.
Your ſervice, Madam, is the School of honour
Spotleſs, and white as naked innocence,
Where I am wedded.
Cyth. Then thy Maſters Clerk
Muſt be my Rival.
Mar. Rival!——what's his name?
Cyth. One *Warran*——
Mar. Warran!
Cyth. Swears the Peace againſt thee.
Mar. How----Swear the Peace! who can be ſo injurious?
Cyth. One Maſter *Warran*.
Mar. Warran!——goodneſs, Madam,
I cannot find your meaning.
Cyth. Do not bluſh.
Mar. I bluſh not that I know.
Cyth. He's gone to draw
A *Mittimus*——another bluſh——
Mar. Who, Madam?
Cyth. This *Warran*.
Mar. Who's this *Warran*——can you tell me?
Cyth. Thy Sweet-heart, *Mariana*.
Mar. So truth help me——
You are the ſtrangeſt Lady——
You flout me——
Cyth. More bluſhes yet!
Mar. And ſtudy how to ſhame me.
Cyth. Vandike did paint Carnation Colours ſo.
Mar. A decent Colour for a Maiden brow.
Theſe bluſhes, Madam, only are a token
Of fear I may offend my gentle Miſtris.

Cyth.

Cyth. No —— I will ſing a Triumph —— *Io* —— *Paan* ——
In honour to thy *Syrens* tongue that beats me
At my own Weapon. —— See who paſſes yonder, [*Enter* John Clay.
John Clay —— the Mint of Money —— I like well
When Silver Sons of *Plutus* come to court thee.
Now *Jove* is falling down into the lap
Of *Danae* deſcending in a ſhower
Of Golden drops to win the Virgin-Tower. [*Exit* Cyth.

John Clay, Mariana ——*ſtanding aſide:*
Jo. This Demicaſter crowned once the Temples
Of *Paris* —— then a Suiter to *Oenone:*
Under this Canopy his brain invented
Alluring blandiſhments without reſiſtance
Unwilling—willing Ladies to intangle
Within ſuch Nets as *Vulcan* once did ſpread
For *Mars* and *Venus*. —— Try if thou canſt fit
Another block with like qualifications:
Muſt it ſit thus—or thus—or rather thus?
Is my Peruke laid out in juſt proportion
With Mullets curl'd and criſped to a hair
For an encounter? may this ſmell of Amber
And Musk aſcend like incenſe to awake
The Noſtrils of my Miſtreſs, and ſurpriſe her
Into complacency —— my Suit is comely [*Surveys his Cloathes.*
Polite, and amiable —— yet the Sleeve
I fear is out of faſhion. [*Aſide.*
Mar. And thy Wit
Will ſoon be out at Elbows.
Jo. Lovers garments
Ought to be cut with Shears of Elegancy
Upon the Graces Shop-board, neat and handſome
Without one ſoiled ſpot. —— This mope-eyed *Frenchman*
Has left a wrinkle here —— before my Miſtriſs
To render me ridiculous. But why
Diſconſolate! my thrifty Mother left me
Peruvian Hills of gold and ſilver metal ——
Mar. Good prize among the *She-Suburbian* gameſters. [*Aſide.*
Jo. To ſleek and ſmooth all blemiſhes in nature.
And yet my bags of coyn muſt truckle under
Supremacy of Love, the vigorous ſoul
Of generoſity, the ſource from whence
Ornate behaviour ſprings, the life of fancy.
I was a brute before I fell in love,
A ruſtical Plebeian —— like this fellow.
Now I am dancing in the Lovers Mantle,

A vehicle of Air, and bear no burden
Of Clay about me: since my Transformation
How look I now Boys?
Mar. Like a flat-nosed Monkey. [*Aside.*
Jo. But in what posture must I court my Mistriss?
Thus---no---It's too Platonick, flat, and sterile [*He practises Postures.*
Without agility; then thus---no---such address is
Too grave and *Spanish*—*A la mode de France* then——
No——this is mimical and antick. Well
An airy smiling *English* Garb will do.——
This posture will——
Mar. Provoke a Dog to Urine. [Mar. *shews her self.*
Jo. Goddess of Love support me: for her presence
Angelical has thrown me off the hinges: [*He trembles for fear.*
Yet maugre quivering Agues I must venture [*Comes up to her.*
With sugared eloquence to tell my Amours—— [*Offers to speak but is out.*
But frozen Consternation stops the Current,
And stifles my *Proœmium* in the Cradle.
Mar. Rouze up, and reassume your wonted courage,
Dear Master *Clay*, as sure as you do breath,
Fair Cowardise a Lady hates to death.
Jo. Reason and Manhood, chide me for recoyling,
And stumbling in the paths of Love, when I
Can pave my way with Gold—— [*He comes up to her.*
Mar. What——for Baboon's {*He offers to speak to her,*
To trample on? {*but she puts him out.*
Jo. My bud of Courtship's blasted.
And yet her wanton eye, and smiles invite
Another storm; with banners then display'd
Redeem thy bleeding Honour. Now or never {*He comes up to her,*
Defend me *Venus*—— {*offers to speak, but*
Mar. From this Tongue-tied Milksop—— {*she puts him out.*
Jo. Lament unhappy Lovers! for you must not
Hear a Love-Lecture, audience is denyed
With scorn to my Mellifluous Oration.
Mar. Rather expostulate, unhappy Virgins,
Is courtly Master *Clay* a *Virtuoso?*
And never yet demanded audience from me:
Speak to me! Can you speak? I shall grow old—— [*Ironice.*
Unless you speak,——or fill my lap with Gold—— [*This last aside.*
My panting heart expects with much desire
The musick of your Lips, a withering flower
Waits for refreshment of an *April* shower.
Jo. Why——now my Mistriss is a Hive of Honey
Without one pricking sting, and all disgusts
Are reconciled; for *Mariana* loves me,

And

And is the Trophey of my Silver tongue.
Mar. Who can reſiſt a tongue that's tipt with Gold?
Jo. At length then, Lovers, liſten with attention, [*He comes up to her.*
Whilſt I——— {*Offers to ſpeak but ſhe puts him out.*
Mar. Am ſpeechleſs, ſilent, and ſay nothing.——
Forſaken Virgins, weep a Sea of tears [*He ſtands like an Image.*
And wail, becauſe *Adonis* will not love me:— [*Ironice.*
Lament with me, for you muſt hear no more
Loves Embaſſies, our Reader is ſtruck dumb
Who did profeſs the diſcipline of Wooing.
O Marble age, when bluſhing Maidens ſue,
And meet repulſe! Falſe hearted men, adieu.
Jo. At laſt it's viſible what winning geſture [*Aſide.*
Serves beſt to mollifie, and ſtroak her humour:
When I begin a ſtudied application
With *Heliconian* ſpeeches, ſhe is ſullen:
But ſtanding like a ſtatue, ſhe admires
With loveſick paſſion ſomething that's about me:
Then to my poſture——— [*He ſtands like an Image.*
Mar. Ha——ha——now is hapned
What I did fancy———Falſe and flattering Glaſs,
That repreſents fair Features in my Face [*Ironice.*
To none but me, break in a thouſand pieces,
For Maſter *Clay* ſees none——but caſts me off.
Suffer at leaſt my lips to touch thoſe Rubies
With adoration: On that tempting eye
All Nymphs ſtand gazing; ſpeak or I muſt die. {*He offers to ſpeak but ſtops.*
———Yet ſtop——on forfeiture of *Mariana*,
Until the watch-word——never Spaniel knew
His poſtures better.——I ſhall die with laughing: [*She laughs.*
His body, life and motion being gone,
Like *Niobe* is turn'd a Marble-ſtone.

To them Cytherea.

Cyth. What noiſe——who communes with you, *Mariana?*
Mar. None, Madam, I was gazing with amazement
On a moſt famous Statue. {*They view* Clay *earneſtly all over.*
Cyth. Phidias made
No piece with ſo much cunning—— nor ſo lively———
It is the onely Maſter-piece of Art———
Mar. The envy of Artificers for ſhape———
For Sculpture,——and for Figurative device———
Cyth. How every Azure vein is neatly cut,
And poliſh'd as it were with Natures Pencil!
Mar. Apollo's head of hair———

Cyth.

Cyth. But *Vulcan*'s brow
Of Orange-tawny colour vamish'd o're
With sooty smoak——
Mar. The Painter sure forgot
To wash his face——but I will remedy
That error with Spring-water from the Fountain
To clear the Eye-sight——
Cyth. So——so——now appears
Fair White and Red,——without one soiled spot.
Mar. The cheeks are full of Rubies——
Cyth. But the mouth
Beyond proportion's painted monstrous wide——
Mar. Such lips had *Taffaletta*——
Cyth. But the Chin
Is smooth and Elegant like Master *Clay*'s.
A pretty Gardens ornament——
Mar. Divested
From Cloaths, it may accompany *Pomona*
For a *Priapus*——to fright Birds from Cherries.
Cyth. But hasten to premonish Master *Clay*
That Serjeants wait at door to apprehend him. [*Ex.* Cyth. & Mar.

Servant brings in a Basson of water, she throws some in his face.

Oblivio *and* Warran, *like two Serjeants to fright and abuse* Clay *by the Ladies Order:* John Clay *standing like an Image.*

1 *Ser.* This *Clay* possesses Magazins of Money——
2 *Ser.* His Iron Chest that's full---which we must plunder,——
1 *Ser.* His Coffers crack with weight of yellow pieces——
2 *Ser.* Good purchase——
1 *Ser.* A most meritorious prize
To ransom from the crowd imprisoned Angels.
2 *Ser.* Our Warrant runs to apprehend his person,
And all his heaps of Wealth, which is confiscate
For hainous crimes——
1 *Ser.* The poor distressed man
Will suffer death——you know him well——
2 *Ser.* Not I——
1 *Ser.* Nor I-----
2 *Ser.* Inquire then.-----
1 *Ser.* Here's one may inform us----
Are you acquainted, Sir, with Mr. *Clay?* [*To* Clay.
Familiar with him----his associate, Sir,
In fellowship-----
2 *Ser.* Excuse our urgent questions,
And importunity----because it touches
His Life or Death-----

1 *Ser.*

1 *Ser.* Deſcribe his Phiſnomy——
What places he frequents——and where to find him!
2 *Ser.* Speak ſoftly——
1 *Ser.* Why?
2 *Ser.* For fear we may awake
The quiet Gentleman, for he ſleeps ſoundly
With open eyes.
1 *Ser.* Is this time to ſleep?
Diſquiet rather his repoſe——I charge you
Aſſiſt us who officiate by Commiſſion——
Refuſe on peril of your life——
2 *Ser.* This man
Is conſcious, and participant with *Clay.*
1 *Ser.* Then drag him hence——ſtay——rear him up again——
Take leiſure——ſo——about this place doth ſtand } *Pulls him, and he falls*
A celebrated Statue by report—— } *on the other's ſhoulder.*
My mind miſgives me——this may be the ſame——
Try if it breath——no——
2 *Ser.* It's the ſelf ſame Statue.
1 *Ser.* Then we miſtook moſt groſly---let's be gone.
To them Maſter Seeker.
2 *Ser.* Here's *Rabbi Seeker*——
1 *Ser.* In good time, our toyles
Are pitched to entrap him——I am weary
With ſeeking Maſter *Clay*——Sir, if you can
Give ſome advertiſement.
Seek. The Man's before you.
1 *Ser.* Then follow---run——
Seek. Upon a needleſs Errand——
You ſee him face to face.
2 *Ser.* Where?
Seek. Ha——ha——ha——
1 *Ser.* Be not abuſive——here's no living ſoul } *They look*
Beſides your ſelf and us. } *round about*
Seek. Yes——Maſter *Clay.*
2 *Ser.* Where is he?
Seek. Here——
1 *Ser.* Shut up in robes of Air,
Inviſible?
Seek. No——I diſcern him plainly——
2 *Ser.* Hid in ſome lurking hole——
Seek. He fairly ſtands
In middle of this Room, or my ſight fails me.
1 *Ser.* Your Senſe of ſeeing's more ſerene than ours.
Seek. Say what you will, I truſt much to my eyes,
And needs muſt ſay they ſee what they ſee clearly.

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* What ſee they?
Seek. Maſter *Clay*.
1 *Ser.* Then we are blind.
Seek. Is this an Atome, or a Mote 'ith' Sun? [*Pointing to* Clay.
2 *Ser.* Why?——That's a graven Image----
Seek. How——an Image?
1 *Ser.* A Marble Pillar——
Seek. Sure---ly no——
2 *Ser.* A Statue——
That ſpeaks aloud the skilful Carvers fame——
The like was never ſeen——
Seek. Yes---every day
We ſee more proper men than Maſter Clay,
And better faces----O moſt famous Carver—— { Clay *makes ſigns not*
His Statue can make ſigns---and move the fingers. { *to diſcover him.*
1 *Ser.* But, Maſter *Seeker*, Here's a Writ againſt you
For Tenths, and firſt-fruits——
Seek. Bleſs me from theſe Harpies!
2 *Ser.* Find Bail, or hence to Priſon.
Seek. Is *John Clay*,
Security ſufficient?
1 *Ser.* Introduce him——
Seek. Goodneſs defend me--tru--ly--this is he.
2 *Ser.* Tell us of ſtocks and ſtones!
Seek. I pray you ſee---- [*Still he makes ſigns.*
He ſhakes his Head and Elbows----
1 *Ser.* Do not trifle.
Seek. Speak Maſter *Clay*---why ſtand you like the picture
Of inhumanity to ſuffer Bailiffs----
Hurry me hence into a Den of Thieves? { *Still he makes ſigns*
Fie on theſe pointing ſigns---ſhew loving--kindneſs { *at the breaches.*
And enter Bail. { *The* Serjeants *fall*
1 *Ser.* Now Maſter Bailiff *Warran*—— { *back to the lower*
2 *Ser.* Serjeant *Oblivio*--how ſhall we ſhake off { *end of the Stage.*
The Twinborn Puppies, Baſtards of *Moria*?
Obl. Oh---they are ſtealing out---pray let me view [*They ſteal off.*
That Ring, and Jewel.
War. View them at your leiſure: [Obl. *looks on it with amazement.*
But thou muſt play a *Pedlar* in a ſhow
Of my deviſing.
Obl. Speak----- and I will do.
My hopes foreſee, unleſs the Gods be Cruel,
That I may find two Pearls out by this Jewel. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

Mariana firſt alone, then to her *Tibullus*.

Mar. *Corinthian Lais*, (at whoſe thronged ſtate
In Troops all *Greece* enamoured once did wait
With ſupplications at her feet to die)
Had not ſo many Suiters then as I.
Numbers confound----we muſt account alone
In *Loves Arithmetick* with Number *One*.
For ſhe that fancies one, and wiſhes more,
Will let this whole *Aſſembly* in at door.
In ſuch a multitude, my onely choice
Was *Warran*: But *Oblivio* with petitions,
And awful arguments of ſad repentance
(Viewing my Ring and Jewel with amazement)
Inſinuates a protraction, until time
Maturely ſhall determine: inſomuch [*Enter* Tibullus
That cold reluctancy poſſeſſes now
My heart againſt my will: for Nuptial joys
Abhor procraſtination and delay,
For Maids grow old in compaſs of one day.

Tib. Then pretty female, ſince the fruit is mellow
And ſhaking ripe, be gracious and permit
Your Harveſt-man to gather Grapes and preſs them.

Mar. Untimely Grapes are bitter, no man preſſes
His Vintage in the Spring-time out of ſeaſon:
When Harveſt is mature, your Sickle bring.

Tib. For love there is no ſeaſon but the Spring.

Mar. Rather the Fall----hold off your hands----for he
Muſt onely reap the Fruit who owns the tree.

Tib. The Tree's my own, for price I will not miſs
Propriety:------A *Ginney* for a Kiſs,
Two precious Stones to wander in this Vale.

Mar. You cheapen wares before they're ſet to ſale.
My gem of honour's neither your's normine
The property intirely I reſign
To him ſhall be my husband: Who ſhall wed
The bride, eſpouſes too her Maidenhead.

Tib. Why-----that's a Cobweb Curtain, next to nothing,
A Portal, an imaginary Skonce,

Or blind — before Dame-Nature's Closet door,
A transient thing by Women lost — but then
As *Cowley* fancies never found by men.
Prove me a lyar — in your close apartment,
Where we may tumble on a Couch of Down,
For once consenting to a venial sin.
Mar. The door is shut, you cannot enter in.
My tongue is too unthrifty to converse,
And entertain a parley with a *Monsieur*
Whose blood is hot as Suns above the Line.
Young Maids are too adventurous, when they
Unvail their faces to the prying Moon-shine,
Or lend an ear to *Philomela*'s Anthems,
Much more to loose excursions upon Theams
Of wanton lust — Run to some Sanctuary
Before the *Syren* blast thy Virgin ear.
Tib. Youth will rebel, though no temptation near.
Mar. The liquid drops that circulate within
My Maiden-veins are cool as morning dew,
Far from rebellion, and my thoughts are clad
In garments that are as white as Winter-snow.
Tib. Without a garment you would whiter show.
Mar. Apparel sure becomes a Woman best ——
Tib. When it is taken up ——
Mar. Desist for shame ——
Tib. To smooth your apron can deserve no blame.
Mar. What's ruffling then?
Tib. My dearest Mistriss, when
Your Gallant does with violence invade —— [*She falls back.*
Mar. My purpose is not now to learn the Trade.
Tib. Now — present Now is blooming beauties season
Ere frost unkindly nip the blossoms pride
Time posts away with Swallow-feathered wings
Faster than twilight after Sun is set:
Lillies in time will fade upon your brow
And on your cheeks no Damask Roses grow:
The Cherries on your lips (for whose fruition
With earnest suit at present I petition)
Forlorn in time will lose their balmy bliss,
And not allure th' impression of a kiss.
Alcinous (though his plantations bear
Celestial fruit) would choose to surfeit here.
Mispend not then, My dearest, precious hours.
Mar. Roses may wither, but th' immortal flowers
Of chastity and honour never die.
Tib. For shadows sake from substances you flie.

Must

Muſt no man ſtroak your ſwelling breaſts that tremble
For fear they never muſt expect *Lucina?*
Muſt no man plant upon this barren Mountain,
Nor Vale below, muſt no man till the field?
Mar. Yes—— only one, when I ſee time to yield.
Tib. Slip not a minute, for when time is paſt,
Not one will tear your Taffaties with ſeeking
What they contain within, plain invitation
Without reſiſtance will not then intice
The creſt-fallen courage to untie your garter.
When time is paſt, no rival Suiters then
Will ſtrive in emulation to preſent you
With Bracelets, Rings, and dozens of Silk-ſtockings,
Nor be officiouſly importunate
To draw them on your handſom Leg and Foot.
Now bluſhing thoughts of honour lay aſide:
For curſed time is imminent at hand
When your ſleek Linnen-covering call'd a Smock
Will not invite a Student in loves morals
To lay it on his Knee——then——now or never
Hold faſt the lock of time.——Will nothing move?
Mar. Yes——if you baniſh luſt, and ſue for love.
Tib. Tempt me no more, voluptuous Appetite,
Go——ſeek another manſion to inhabit
With thy licentious train, this room I vow
A dedicated fane to *Mariana*
For my converſion: penitence ſhall hallow
And expiate her Temple till it be
Within as innocent and white as ſhe.
His Courtſhip proves honourable on a ſuddain.
Mar. May your determination be inroll'd
By Pens of Angels for miraculous
In the red-letter'd Kalendar of Saints
Above, but of Apoſtacy beware.
Tib. My purpoſe is as firm as thou art fair.
I burn in love——
Mar. With bridle curb deſire.
Tib. That fairy girdle ſets me all on fire,
Which thou muſt mitigate with moiſtening kiſſes:
But if rebellious in thy golden treſſes,
Bind me to peace, till Hymen bind our hands
For ever faſt in matrimonial bands:
My dear, thy faith and loyalty ingage.
Mar. There's much diſſimulation in this age.
Tib. Like *Sydney's Pamphilus*, when falſe to thee
Let *Dido's* bodkins ſting my treachery.
Mar. But when the mighty mariage-portion's counted,

With penitential murmur you will then
Deſpiſe the pale complection of my fortunes:
For modern mariages are bought and ſold
For traffique by monopolizing gold:
Two thouſand *Ginneys* will not purchaſe now
At under-rates a husband ſuch as you:
In the material point we diſagree
For price——
Tib. Thy ſelf is *Mexico* to me.
Let Sons of *Avarice* ingroſs the ore
That glides in golden ſtreams upon the ſhore
Of *Lydian Pactolus*, let them ſeize
On Orient ſands of *Tagus*, if they pleaſe
So I may be a ſuiter, and profeſs
My love to vertue in an Angels dreſs.
Mar. But are you ſo regardleſs of your honour
To cancel oaths and proteſtations made
To Madam *Delia?* kiſſes yet are warm
On both your lips; ſuch infidelity
Is petty Treaſon, and will ruin me.
Tib. Thy jealouſie is cauſeleſs; ſome eſſays
Of youthful dalliance have paſt between us
Harmleſs and innocent as ſporting Lambs,
And free from obligation of affiance:
But her averſion now I plainly find
Through the tranſparent windows of her mind.
So a pellucent Ladies ivory skin
For all her Tiffanies is ſeen within:
To one more fortunate are open ſet
The treaſures of fair *Delia*'s Cabinet. [*Knocks within.*
Mar. My Lady calls——
Tib. When I am out of ſight
Can you be ſilent?
Mar. As the noon of night. ——*Ex. at ſeveral doors.*

John Clay, *Mr.* Seeker, Warran *liſtening within.*

Seek. Fear begets caution——
Jo. Fear's an errant craven——
But the beſt Sentinel——ſtep forward——ſo——
Another ſtep——now make a ſtand——and ſpie
Whether the field befree fro m th' Enemy——
On this ſide——to'ther ſide——in every ſtead——
Again——the hooking Purſevants are fled:
Seek. That's well——beware of ambuſh—— {*Grooms bring in ſtools.*
Jo. Are they here?

Seek.

Seek. Some waiting Grooms——ſtay—— {Clay *runs away—*
Jo. There's no fence for fear.—— { *but comes back.*
But oh——revenge is ſweet——though you and I
By contumelious knaves be made a May-game
For Boys and Prentices to ſing in Ballads——
Seek. What then?
Jo. We will prefer a poſtulation
To Sir *Eucoſmus* for repairs of honour
By you to be expounded to his worſhip
For evening Lecture.
Seek. You ſhall break the Ice
Becauſe more eloquent.
Jo. Your ſelf muſt utter
Our grievances, to ſanctifie the ſence:
Hide not your talent leſt you give offence.
Seek. To your proficiency, old *Tully* may
Give place for fluent and ſententious phraſe.
Jo. I am a Novice——your profeſſion claims
Preheminence to which we bend the knee.
Seek. No——we are brethren——
Jo. In iniquity——
Seek. In holy converſation——
Jo. Suffer reaſon
To over-rule, and give a ſuffrage due
To your degree——
Seek. I never took degree:
Meek ſouls abominate the windy title
Of Lord and Maſter; meaner ſhrubs delight
In humble valleys, leaving hills for Cedars.
Jo. A bed for your humility is found.
Seek. Where do you mean to lay me?
Jo. On the ground——
Enter Warran.
For that's your proper Center.
Seek. So you may,
But that's the Center for a lump of *Clay*.
War. A hit——point blank——the Muſes eldeſt ſon
Is ſmitten by a Prieſt of *Helicon:*
Though Maſter *Clays* invention ſtrikes all dead,
Yet Maſter *Seeker* hit the Nail o'th head.
Jo. Ingenious *Warran*, never ſuch abuſe [Seek. *writes in a paper.*
Was put on honeſt men by Sycophancy
Of rogues in ſhapes of Purſevants and Bayliffs
Our reputations bleed.
War. That's very ſtrange:
What villains durſt affront you?

Seek.

Seek. We requeſt
Acceſſion by your help to Sir *Eucoſmus*,
Whoſe juſtice will our injuries redreſs
As he may find them written——in this paper.
War. Go to a Magiſtrate the neareſt way
For patronage——
Ambo. To whom?
War. To Juſtice *Clay*.
Jo. Scoff not at my diſhonour——
War. I peruſing
Our Seſſions laſt Commiſſion for the Peace
Eſpied *John Clay* Eſquire one of the Quorum,
My eyes are witneſſes.
Jo. Am I a Juſtice?
War. Of *Oyer* and *Terminer*——my Maſter ſent me
To ſignifie it by congratulation [Clay *ſtruts proudly.*
Before the Wax was cold.
Seek. Now let me die
Since I have lived to hear the news, and ſee
The bleſſed day of Juſtice *Clay*'s promotion.
Jo. The helm of Regiment is put into
A Politicians hand——why ſtand you bare?
War. Like *Rhadamanthus* warm this Velvet Chair.
Here ſits the benches Oracle—— when truth
Comes to be boulted in a ſearcing ſieve
By apt examinations in the Court:
The Pleaders then take up their buckram bags,
Admitting your ſolutions for decrees
And humbly take their leave with bending knees.
Seek. Beware beloved——honour puffeth up
The ſpirit with his bellows of ambition,
Swelling and heaving like a windy bubble
That burſteth in a moment.
Jo. For this Leſſon
Be you our houſhold Chaplain——Maſter *Warran*—— [Seek. *bows.*
War. Call me your under-Officer, or Scribe. [War. *bows.*
Jo. Obſerve a Printed countenance of Juſtice--- {Clay *practiſes*
War. Formality in frame——A *Cenſor*'s brow { *ſeveral faces.*
Prudential——grave——and ſober——paſſing well.
Jo. Then an auſtere and ſupercilious frown
Forcing regard from vulgar ſorts of Men {*They both ſet*
Thus—— { *their faces.*
War. Rather thus——your aſpect menacing
Faſtidious——and oblique——obſerve me——thus——
Somewhat tempeſtuous——Admirable well.
Jo. Make Warrants for ſuppreſſing Players, Mummers,

Actors

Actors of Interludes, and Popiſh Meetings:
Purſes of Fornicators too muſt bleed,
Of every Gaming houſe, and Tavern-reeler.
Make *Mittimuſſes* for all Whores and Thieves,—
And ſinners——
War. Here's ſuccinctly written down
One general *Mittimus* for all the Town. { *Ex.* Clay *and* Seeker,---Clay *looks behind him*---Seeker *puts off his Hat and bows.*

Warran *alone.*

War. My obſervation ſpies ſome glancing rays
And Characters of kindneſs written fair
In Madam *Delia's* face preſaging love:
Oblivio's inſtrumental ſince he ſaw
My ring with ſeeming gladneſs, and aſſures
Succeſs, if application made aſſay:
But *Delia*'s gliſtering beams like lambent fires
Do blaſing ſhine, but kindle no deſires.
Now for the Pageant——Sir *Eucoſmus*,
And all the Ladies ſtay i'th gallery
To be ſpectators——hem——ho—— *Oblivio!*

To him---Oblivio *in the habit of a* Pedlar, *Pedlars Boy.*

Obl. Mercurius ſpeed me! Is it time to enter?
War. This is the lucky minute, thou haſt taken
Time by his foretop, and art Metamorphoſ'd
As I could wiſh in geſture, garb, and faſhion
Chameleon-like, thou Prince of petty-chapmen——
Obl. Rather a Merchant errant——or a Tradeſman
That carries both Exchanges in his budget.
War. Even——as it were——the Pedlar *Andrew Grant.*
Obl. In ſhape and ſubſtance I am *Andrew Grant*,
Like *Trincalo* transform'd——
War. But——
Obl. As you love me
Peace——
War. Thou muſt make *extempore* reparties
Subſervient to occaſion——
Obl. Fear no colours——
Beſides your Papers here, one prompting wink
Will teach me how to amplify your meaning
But here come Juſtice *Clay*, and Rabby *Seeker.*

To them John Clay, *Mr.* Seeker, Grex.

Obl. Come, buy my ſilver bodkins, buy fine needles,
Gloves, knots, or ſhoo-ties——

Grex.

Grex. Follow, follow, follow———
Jo. Keep the Kings Peace——what ſawcy fellow's that?
Obl. An honeſt painful Tradeſman--pleaſe your Worſhip!
Jo. A wandring Pedlar———.
Obl. Yes Sir——little chapmanry
In theſe hard times——money runs all for ſeſsments.
Jo. Sirrah——your habit ſmells of pety larceny.
Seek. Lewdneſs lurks in his beard.
Obl. Such defamation
Is eaſily caſt on truth when ſhe is poor.
War. My friend, where live you? [War. *takes his examination.*
Obl. In the land of penury———
Jo. Let them be ſoundly whipt to the land of penury
From whence he came——lay hold on theſe Gazetts [*Fugit* Grex.
His Acceſſaries.
War. In what Country pray Sir, Lies Penury? [*To* Clay.
Jo. Sirrah——ſpeak!
Obl. In every County.
Jo. Ubiquitary——wandring rogue!
Seek. Chaſtiſe him
With many ſtripes——
Jo. Send him to execution.
Obl. Hear me———
Jo. No——no——
Obl. I plead not guilty, Maſter———
Jo. Sentence is paſt, no pleading after ſentence.
Obl. I do implore your worſhip's Act of grace,
And general pardon———
Jo. Hang the general pardon
About his neck, and whip him.
Obl. Bear me witneſs
That Juſtice *Adam Overdo* give ſentence
On the Kings general pardon to be whipt
And executed.
Jo. Scandalum Magnatum!
Bear witneſs——
Obl. Of your Worſhips petty treaſon.
Jo. Calumnious ſlandering rogue!
Seek. Thy mouth is ſtuffed
Full of prophaneneſs as thy Pack with pins.
Jo. Send for an Officer———
War. With low ſubmiſſion
To your ſagacious gravity——I think—— [*To* Clay.
To ſcold and bandy words with Rogues and Pedlars
Skum of the people is a diminution
Of eminence and honour——throw him by, Sir.——

Obl.

Obl. Buy an Advowſon, Maſter! [*To* Seeker.
No——I ſcorn thee
Factor of Simony, ſeek another Chapman.
War. Rather make paſtime with ſuch vulgar fellows
Brutiſh deportment, without paſſion laugh, [*To* Clay.
And ſit unmov'd when they are petulant.
Jo. Make his *Quietus!* [War. *bows.*
Obl. Pleaſe your Clemency——
Send forth your Proclamation to call back
My Cuſtomers that fled——
Jo. Make ſuch a Precept!
Obl. Commanding under penalty they bring
Money to buy my parcels——
War. Every remnant.

Scene *opens, and diſcovers the* Pedlars *Booth well furniſhed with Wares, his Boy placing them, with other Shops and Booths as in a Fair.*

Obl. O——Yes——return ſecure, you peeping Monkeys,
Madamoſells, and younkers to your Merchant: [*Intrat* Grex.
Cum Privilegio here in Market overt
Buy Mirrours, Looking-glaſſes, or *French* Aprons.
What do you lack——Purſes, or Velvet pouches——
Of myſterious and occult quality——but I injoyn you ſecrecy——
Theſe Pouches were cut out of the ſame piece of Velvet with *Fortunatus* his Purſe that never could be emptied.——Here you may draw out ſilver with facility——ſo much as the *Spaniard* from the mountains of *Potoſi*——What will you buy!
Seek. One of your Velvet Pouches.
Obl. Reverend Maſter, ſhall I tell you——All the Bankers in *Europe* are my Cuſtomers for theſe multiplying Pouches: Worſhipful Aldermen ſend for them faſter than I and my Boy can faſhion and make them up——by fair, yea——and nay——an Uſurer this morning beſpoke all in my Shop before hand——all my Velvet Pouches——the money-mongers of *Amſterdam* pay me for them after the rate of an hundred Guilders——but you ſhall have ſome abatement.
1 *Grex.* Stand off——ſhew me a Purſe——
2 *Grex.* Here's ready money,
Shew me one firſt——
3 *Grex.* Shew me——(forbear obtruſion)
I'le pay you as it proves——
Obl. A wary Chapman.——
In the days of our fore-fathers, that very Pouch by
tradition was the proper Purſe of *Plutus*, and once {*They ſearch their*
brought on the Stage before by *Ariſtophanes*: It {*Purſes for money.*

was cut out by an Usurer upon an Aldermans Shop-board—made up by a Nobleman's Steward with the needle-work of a Lady *Mayoress*—and nothing but *Westminster*-Hall can draw it empty——It will not open in ten years time to a Student of the Law, and seldom or never to a downright *Cambridge* Scholar, or a Poet.

Seek. Impostor——

1 *Grex.* Jugler——

2 *Grex.* Cozener——

3 *Grex.* Cheating Pedlar——

Seek. Spawn of a Mountebank——

Obl. Good words, my Masters!
What money put you in your Pouches?

Grex. None.

Obl. There—was th' impediment—be sure hereafter
To repleniſh them with silver—But give me leave to reveal another secret——There is such antipathy in nature between your Pouches, and an impecunious——bookish pretender to Arts and Sciences (as you were partly premoniſh'd) that his presence makes frustrate their vertue and operation.

Points at Seeker. *Clay and* Warran *laugh.*

1 *Grex.* Hence Arts and Sciences—— [*To* Seeker.

2 *Grex.* Depart the room
Brat of *Parnassus*——

3 *Grex. Cantabrigian* Book-worm.

Seek. You are false witnesses to burden me
With Arts and Sciences, who never yet
Unsanctified my eyes with *Cambridge* Mass-books.

Obl. Buy a *Geneva* Bible—— [*To* Seek.

Seek. Shame pursue thee——
Sir, set your Pen to Paper—sweep away [*To* Warran.
This Caterpiller with your Masters broom
Call'd *Mittimus*.

War. Exhibit first your Bill
Of information.

Seek. Stop the Ruffians mouth then——

Imprimis—— [Obl. *puts him out.*

Obl. Item,—buy *Bartholmew*-babies——

Seek. Inprimis——

Obl. Item buy a Canonique girdle——

Seek. Hang the Pope's belt——

Obl. To bind you to a Surpliss.

Seek. Peace, Proctor of Pope *Joan*——I accuse him
For selling *Romish* Frocks, promoting Popery
By setting up his *Dagons* and his Puppets.
For Idols in that Shop of Superstition:
Demoliſh it, my brethren——

1 *Grex.*

1 *Grex.* I arreſt you
By warrant from the Court of Pipouders,
At Suit of *Andrew Grant*—— no tumult, Sir ——
2 *Grex.* No ruffling in the Market for eſcape.
Seek. Adviſe me, gentle Serjeant.
1 *Grex.* Glowing zeal
Is frozen on a ſuddain—— cold as Ice.——
2 *Grex.* His face is deathful pale.——
1 *Grex.* His body trembles
More than a forlorn hope.——
Seek. Oh me—— oh me——
But ſure he cannot hang me——pray Sir——tell me——
2 *Grex.* The puniſhment I fear's no leſs than death.
Seek. Oh me——
1 *Grex.* Within this place us two between,
A Quaker in an *Ague*'s to be ſeen.
Seek. But muſt I ſuffer? Maſter *Andrew*, ſhew
Comimſera--ti--on——
Obl. I am not at leiſure——
So many Chapmen throng about my Warehouſe.
Seek. No charity——no love?
Obli. Yes——two hours hence,
Or three, this glut of trading will abate.
Jo. In place of anger let compaſſion in
I prethee *Andrew*——Mercy covers Sin.
Obl. A factious Non-conformiſt (as you ſee)
Without a Bridle never will obey:
But *Andrew* will conform to Juſtice *Clay*.
Jo. Is Reconcilement your deſire? [*To* Seeker.
Seek. For ever—— } Seeker *imbraces* Obli.
With him and all his Puppets. } *and the Serjeants.*
Obli. I diſmiſs you.

Buy Play-books——buy my new Ballads——buy Romances——A Panegyrick to Juſtice *Clay*——for he might prove an excellent Interpreter of Penal Laws——but that his wiſdom cannot underſtand them——yet it is ſaid——he ſtudies the Statute of Brewers and Tiplers beyond *Meaſure*, whereof upon occaſion he *draws* out the meaning *fluently*, for his Mother was an Alewife.

Seeker *laughs.*

War. Take no notice, Sir, but laugh at him. [*To* Clay.

Obl. Since he was made a Juſtice, there's no neceſſity to run to *York* and pay the Lawyers money for reſolution of Law-Caſes, for he is able——in his own conceit——to give a better opinion—— Give me leave to prove your Worſhips Learning with a doubtful queſtion——If *John --a--Stile* corrupt the Juſtices Clerk, and put out his eyes with Bribery, whether is *John--a Stile* a defacer of *Phiſnomy* within the Statute? But

that's a difficult and knotty queſtion—— If a *Feme-Covert* ſell a Gooſe in Thurſday Market, and after run away, and ſpend the money, whether is this an *Elopement?*

4 *Grex.* Maſter *Andrew*, pray ſhew me a Book of Complements.

Obl. Dear Miſtriſs *Mary*—— Is it lawful to look upon thoſe tempting eyes? Is it lawful to gather ripe Cherries from theſe pretty lips? Is it lawful to wander in this milky way—— the vale of Love between two trembling Hills? Is it lawful to ſtroak theſe ſoft pillars of Ivory?

He reads in a Book.

4 *Grex.* Away immodeſt Pedlar——

Obl. ---Softer than the wool of Weather, ſofter than a Beevers fleece, ſofter than a Summers Cloud—— But who muſt traffick with you Miſtriſs *Mary?*——the honeſt baſhful Pedlar?——no——no——no---but in fair Chapmanry---one that loves to truck in Merchandize with young and handſom Ladies---do you mean Miſtriſs *Mary*---no---no---no——but in fair Chapmanry——with one that lately loſt her Maidenhead, and now come to my ſhop to buy a new one.

4 *Grex.* You are a leering wanton Pedlar——

Obl. No——no——no——but in fair Chapmanry——one that can fit you with a Magnetick pair of Crimſon Garters, who——Miſtriſs *Mary*——no——no——no——but in fair Chapmanry——one that ſets her ſelf to ſale, and needs no Pandar but her Petticoat.

Grex. Excellent *Andrew!*

Obl. What will you buy——what lack you?

Grex. Make repetition of this Lecture, *Andrew.*

Obl. Moſt accompliſhed Lady, may I aſſign ſome of your parts to ſelect uſes.—— This *Mole*—— this little *Mole* that ſcarce appears above the ſurface of your Skin—— you ſhall ſend for *Tangier*—— The *Spaniſh* inquiſition will be about the ſtraights of *Magellane*—— and the *French* will fight them for the *Netherlands*—— your Apron of fine *Holland* will make *falling* Bands for reeling *Dutchmen*—— your Fan I aſſign to a *Zealand* Froe——and your Backſide to the Grand Signiors *Arſenall.*

Grex. A Pedlar----a Pedlar---a Pedlar----

The Pedlars Ballad.

Obli. *Come buy my* Cambricks, *buy my* Lawns,
Hey down, down a down, down.
Buy Laces, Points, or Pins:
You Maidens fair, come buy my Ware,
Or truck for Coney-skins.

Carnation Satten Ribbonds buy,
Hey down, &c.

Skie-colour'd, Green, or Red,
Fair Maids Priapus's *Bodkins buy*
To pin your Maidenhead.

This Paphian *Girdle is a prize,*
Hey down, *&c.*
Of Vertue ſtrange poſſeſt,
'Twill ſtreight within your circle bring
The Perſon you love beſt.

Then buy my *Cambricks, &c.*

But then came bouncing Nancy *by,*
Hey down, *&c.*
And cry'd God ſave the King:
Buy a Looking-Glaſs for that ſweet Face,
Or buy this long ſwaip-thing.

This Pedlar is a ſtrong thief, ſhe cries,
Hey down, *&c.*
A leering cheating Knave:
Thou pick my Purſe, or ſomething that's worſe,
My honeſty thou woud'ſt have.

Then buy, *&c.*

A handſom Bona--roba *then,*
Hey down, *&c.*
Came Silver-Lace to buy:
How much will do't? your Petticoat
We muſt take up to try.

Fair Lady, I Silk-Stockings ſell,
Hey down, *&c.*
Will't pleaſe you Garters ſee?
I'll ſhow you how to tie them too,
Below or above the Knee.

Then buy my Cambricks, *buy my* Lawns,
Hey down, *&c.*
Buy Laces, Points, or Pins:
You Ladies fair come buy my Ware,
Or truck for Coney-skins.

A Fan for thoſe Vermilion Cheeks,
Hey down, *&c.*

Sweet Powders for your Hair,
A ſtratagem to fetter Men
Faſt in that Golden ſnare.

This Apron, Madam, won'd become,
Hey down, &c.
That little mountain beſt,
And lower then ſerve for a Skreen
To hide the Phœnix *neſt.*

Then buy, &c.

A Ring to ſtroak your Husband's eyes,
Hey down, &c.
That blinds a jealous ſight:
With this I will inviſible
Come to your Bed at night.

Then buy, &c.

Pedlars Boy dances a Jigg.

Y'are welcom, Gentlemen, we adjorn our Mart
To *Green-Gooſe Fair* ———
Grex. A Pedlar----a Pedlar----a Pedlar---- [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IIII

Cytherea, Delia, Mariana dreſſing *Delia.*

Cyth. THy Body is more elegant and gay
Than *Flora* blooming in a morn of *May:*
And moral vertues ſhining in thy mind
(Were they but ſeen) ſurmount all Womankind.
Admired Siſter! Nature cannot ſee,
Nor ever work a Miracle like thee
In Female Model.
Del. Madam, rather thus,
In making you, ſhe was miraculous.
Cyth. To thee and thy Relations I ſubmit,
For excellence of Perſon, and of Wit:

The Maſterpiece whereof I glory now,
Is my tranſcendency in love for you:
My Husband and his picture ſhare my heart,
Thou art my deareſt Husband's counterpart.
Del. To ſhare with Husbands in their Wives good will,
Is to divide what's indiviſible.
Cyth. My love's intirely his in unity,
Thence by reflexion it rebounds on thee.
But now what *Hero* will you captivate,
On the Triumphant Chariot who muſt wait;
In Beauties manacles? to thee is due
Homage from all the World: but tell me true,
Is not *Tibullus* thine ſelected?
Del. He
Whom I moſt fancy, Madam, loves not me.
Cyth. Never may he impunity obtain
Who ſleights his Miſtriſs, or his Soveraign.
Upon his knees this Criminal will come
For mercy, but muſt ſuffer Martyrdom:
If ſweetneſs can be cruel, and forbear
A ſigh in combate with a melting tear.
Of this enamouring Zone to heal the wound — {Mar. *puts her on the girdle.*
(Though Princes bleed) no balſam can be found
Without the bearers clemency: Be wiſe
To ſubjugate, but not to tyrannize.
When you attend my Father in this trim,
With gentle ſalutation honour him.
His waiting Maids in croſſing of the Seas
Were Virgin-Nymphs blue-ey'd *Nereides*:
Now in proceſſion meet him on thy knees
With Nymphs of *York*-like City Goddeſſes — [*Enter* Warran.
For ſignal welcome.
War. Madam, Sir *Eucoſmus*
Within deſires your preſence.
Cyth. Siſter, follow! — [*Exeunt* Cyth. & Mar.

Delia, Warran.

Del. But one by force compulſive ſtops the way.
Mar. Who, Madam?
Del. *Warran* makes me diſobey,
And lays my ſtock of honour in the duſt.
War. Your libel of impeachment is unjuſt:
My diſobedience never was unkind
In oppoſition to your peace of mind,
And ſtill with ſelf-denyal I prefer
(For ſuch a world of ſweetneſs cannot erre)

Your

Your will above my judgment; on this ſcore
Pronounce me innocent.
Del. I ask no more.
War. But now my Lady wonders why you ſtay
Behind, and her injunction thus delay:
Follow her quickly, Madam, learn from me [*He offers to go.*
Obſervance.
Del. I can follow none but thee.
Turn gentle *Warran*———
War. Duty bids us go.
Del. But loves omnipotency anſwers no——
Stay one ſhort minute——
War. One will ten create.
Del. Grant me a moment to communicate
Affairs of conſequence.
War. In brief compriſe
Your ſtory.
Del. Read the language of my eyes.
War. To my exceſſive heavineſs I ſee
That vail of ſadneſs and anxiety
Thoſe lamps of radiation over-ſpread
To make loves palace uninhabited
With wonted luſtre: Madam, what's the reaſon?
At once diſcloſe your ſecret to a friend.
Del. Full well you do——but will not apprehend.
War. Repreſs dark ſentences, dear Madam, for
Of riddles I am no interpreter:
Explain your ſelf before the minute's run.
Del. One minute more——or elſe I am undone. [*Knock within.*
War. My Maſter calls——
Del. Stay——let me intervene [*He goes away ſlowly.*
Prithe--dear *Warran*---ſo the *Tyrian* Queen {*She ſtrikes him*
Beheld her faithleſs Lover leave the ſhore, {*with her girdle.*
Eurus in vain her exclamation bore
After *Æneas*: *Ariadne* ſo
Lamented——cruel *Theſeus*, wilt thou go?
Turn back again——relieve my miſery—— [*He turns back.*
Thy bark wants half her loading——turn to me.
War. Once an impetuous tide with rapid fall
Bore away *Jordan* from his Admiral:
But *Neptune* turn'd the floud, and ſent a gale
To waft him back again with ſwelling ſail.
So Magiſterial aw ſtrives to remove
My ſtation——I muſt go--ſtay---new-born love {*He begins to go*
Ha's ſent a diſpenſation——in a word {*away but ſtops.*
A Lady is more powerful than a Lord.

Del. The gods are gracious.
War. Madam, now reveal
What maiden baſh-fulneſs doth yet conceal:
Perhaps I have an antidote in ſtore
Of pretious balm ———
Del. I ſpoke too much before.
War. To ſleight ſuperiors fear did me ſurpriſe
From minding then ambiguous colloquies:
Forgive ſupine attention, and ingage
My ſervice not for minutes, but an age.
Del. Rather obſerve ſuperiors as before.
War. Superiors I obſerve——but you adore.
Del. He, who an object did ſo late deſpiſe,
The ſame thus quickly cannot idolize.
Againſt my argument make no reply.
War. Madam, was this the language of your eye?
Or was it miſconſtruction heard you pray
In wooing ſtile one ſingle moment's ſtay
For matters conſequential? Ladies are
So wavering as a Planetary Star:
Unskilful men may ſooner graſp the wind
Or fathom *Oceans* than a womans mind.
Del. You recapitulate not what was ſaid
But what is raſhly miſinterpreted———
No more diſputes----- my Siſter wonders why
We loiter thus--- [*She offers to go but ſlowly.*
War. Hear my Apology!
Del. Another time——— for fear my ſiſter chide.
Bluſhes betray what modeſty wou'd hide. [*Aſide.*
War. For tender pity----
Del. Duty bids me run----
War. Turn back before the fatal thread be ſpun.
Del. Then briefly ſpeak!
War. I love you---
Del. Is that all?
War. Be gracious, Madam, not tyrannical.
Del. My anſwer Negative I go to tell
Your Patrons---
War. Then---- eternally farewel.
Del. Part not in anger---- rather end your Suit [*She comes back haſtily.*
As Lovers uſe at leaſt with one Salute.
War. *Another time*--- fond trifles muſt diſpenſe
At preſent with *affairs of conſequence*----
Del. Come--- prithee now---
War. A *Phœnix* I may find
That is---- A Miſtriſs ſtedfaſt in one mind.

Del. No Lover is ſo ignorant but knows
The ſtream of Ladies favour ebbs and flows.
Now as precedent ſtorms fair weather bring
Let's bill like Turtles after murmuring.
War. Your ſecret to my knowledg then commit.
Del. I will---if bluſhes do not hinder it.
For fear the prying light may hear or ſee, {*She pulls her Hood over her face.*
Cover my face, thou ſilken Canopie!
War. Madam, ſpeak out!
Del. I cannot for my life----
War. Then whiſper---
Del. Take me for thy Wedded Wife.
War. In compenſation take me for thy Spouſe----
Del. Thou Wedlocks Goddeſs, hear our ſolemn vows.
War. But ſhadow now from ſpies thoſe tell-tale-beams
So cloſe as *Arethuſa* hides her ſtreams
For fear *Alpheus* find them.
Del. Only you
The true complexion of my heart ſhall know. {*Exit* Del. *often looking back.*

Oblivio, Warran.

Obl. My truſty friend *Fidelio*'s new diſcourſe
Diſcovers plain the pleaſing Hiſtory [*Aſide.*
Of my loſt Infants--- who--- and where they are,
Confirming my conjecture by their Jewels.----
So deep in contemplation, muſing man, [*To* Warran.
Of ſubſequent misfortunes, as I gueſs
By pale ſolcitude upon your brow:
If ſo--- my timely conſolation may
Set penſiveneſs aſide with happy news,
Refreſhing like the breath of *Zephyrus*
Spring ſeaſon----
War. Speak, my *Gardian Genius!*
Obl. Fear repreſents an angry Maſters frown
Upbraiding baſe deſcent with ſawcineſs
For courtſhip with his ſiſter: but before
Bright *Cynthia* waſh her face i'th Weſtern Sea,
To mighty admiration I will be
The Herald of thy generous Pedigree.
Not wanting fair Revenues--- ſuch as may
With Intereſt Madam *Delia*'s love repay.
Then make addreſſes where I did adviſe,
Secure from reprehenſion--- And regard
With juſt eſteem thy ſiſter *Mariana.*
War. My Siſter! ſuch amazement once did ſeize

Don John of *Auſtria* (then of mean repute)
At unawares to hear report maintain
His near alliance to the King of *Spain*
But let fond Dreams and idle Rumours die:
Oblivio, I miſtruſt your *Augury*,
And of Impoſtures place it in the rank.
Obl. Then call *Apollo*'s Prieſt a Mountebank.
War. But now the Conſtable with painted Staff
Upon my inſtigation is at hand,
As a notorious Felon to impeach thee
Before imaginary Juſtice *Clay*:
For ſtealing from the Pedlar *Andrew Grant*
His Pack of Wares which I did borrow for thee
To garniſh out with ſtock our laughing Scene:
And *Andrew* too himſelf a part will play——
Obl. Then Chriſten this the Pedlars Holy-day. [*Exit* War.

To *Oblivio*—— *Conſtable*, *Officers*.

Conſt. Follow your leader *Bomby*, mind your colours
Blind *Abraham*—— my Painted Staff Office.
1 *Offi.* This Pathway ſmells of Thievery--- follow me---
Conſt. Face about——
2 *Off.* No--- no---
3 *Off.* Lead on—— purſue——
Conſt. Why--- here's the Malefactor--- ſtay—
Obl. What lack you——
Lanterns--- or Shooing Horns--- or Ginger-bread?
Conſt. We ſearch for Goods---
Obl. Then--- cuſtomers, ſee here
Variety--- all ſorts of Wares, and Faſhions.
Conſt. Theſe Wares were never paid for.
Obl. Truſt is uſual
In all Commerce: to pay down ready Money
Is out of Faſhion.
Conſt. Will theſe painted Parcels
Indure judicial touch of Law before
A Clerk o'th' Market?
Obl. Yes--- at Quarter Seſſions——
Conſt. Pack up your Statute-Laces——
1 *Off.* Cob-web Lawns——
2 *Off.* And Copper Rings——
3 *Off.* Stoln from St. *Martins* Lane.
Obl. I do not ſell St. *Martin*'s Ware in truth, Sir,
Nor *Briſtow* Diamonds--- tho your Worſhips wear them.
Conſt. Nor points of Knavery——

1 *Off.* There you hit the point, Sir.
Obl. Uprightneſs guard me---
Conſt. From your *Sattin* Ribbonds---
1 *Off.* Felonious Muffs of Fur——

To them--- John Clay, *Maſter* Seeker, Warran *carrying a White Staff before* Clay.

Jo. —— ——— What means this tumult.
And rioteous Aſſembly?
Conſt. You diſcountenance
His Majeſties Lieutenant----
War. Peace! upon
Pain of Impriſonment--- fellow--- with painted Staff
Give audience to his Worſhip Juſtice *Clay.*
Conſt. Juſtice was blind when he was made a Juſtice. [*Aſide.*
Jo. Why before us in this offenſive poſture?
Conſt. To apprehend a Felon--- like your Worſhip,
This Pedlar with *Mercurial* Thumbs—
1 *Off.* A Thief----
2 *Off.* An errant Highway-Man----
Jo. So I ſuſpected
By certain tokens in his graceleſs Forehead:
Provide me Whips of Steel to laſh him---
Conſt. Yes Sir---
This Miſcreant carries Birdlime on his Fingers---
1 *Off.* A famous Clipper, Sir, in *Cony-ſtreet*---
2 *Off.* And three times burnt i'th Hand for cutting Purſes.
Obl. Confederate Knights oth' Poſt!
War. Peace--- hear the Court.
Jo. Prodigious Monſter! three times burnt i'th Hand---
A Clipper too--- beſides this new impeachment---
I muſt pronounce as Judg of this Tribunal,
Sentence of Death upon thee.
War. For Purgation
Hold up thy Hand.
Obl. Convulſion fits prohibit } *They ſearch whether he be burnt i'th Hand.*
Extenſion of my Fingers----
Jo. This averſeneſs
Infers him plainly noxious--- force them open!
Obl. Oh — grievous torment! [*He cries out.*
Seek. *Andrew*--- call for mercy.
Obl. More cruel Judg than *Draco*!---gently--- Oh--- [*He cries out.*
Conſt. Hang not an Arſe— } *Conſt. ſpits in* Obl. *hand, and rubs it with his elbow.*
Seek. Of all things life is ſweeteſt.
Jo. Your Rogueſhip is entangled in a ſnare
Will hold you till the Gallows claim their right.
Obl. Hem---ha---ha---he---

War.

War. Yes--- he may laugh--- for here's no ſearing token
Of burning Irons--- there's no cauſe to ſing
For this--- a *Palinodia* in a halter.
Jo. Impriſon that falſe Witneſs.
2 *Off.* Dear your Worſhip:
They told me ſo----
Jo. Whip out the lying ſpirit----
War. To execute the Pedlar make him Top-man.
Jo. Agreed---- but write their teſtimonies down.
War. Draw near Informers--- look upon the Pris'ner!
Firſt--- what's his name?
Conſt. His name---'um--- name ſaid you? *They all ſtand muſing, but cannot remember his name.*
His name is----
War. What?
Conſt. Unhappy memory fails me.
War. Then anſwer you!
1 *Off.* Juſt now it came---- and ſate
On my Tongues end--- his name is--- hidden from me.
3 *Off.* But I remember--------no---
War. Unhallowed Varlets,
Before this Judgment-Seat why introduce you
Unchriſtened Knaves, ---a Thief without a name,---
A nameleſs Highway Man---- *Anonymus?*
Omnes. Anonymus---- that's it.
Conſt. Shame take that heathen
Denomination--- not to be retain'd
In Mortal memory-----
1 *Off.* Maſter *Warran* too
By often repetition gave us caution.
3 *Off.* And bid us apprehend *Anonymus.*
War. Peace-- --hear the Court!
Jo. Theſe Fellows ſhall be ſent
For Lunaticks to *Bet'lem*----- Sirrah---ſpeak [*To the Conſt.*
Your Evidence diſtinctly.
Conſt. Pleaſe your Honor----
A Pedlar--- *Andrew Grant* by name is rob'd.
Jo. By whom?
Conſt. Anonymus----
Jo. Go to---- draw up
His *Mittimus*-----
Conſt. So Maſter *Warran* calls him.
Om. We all affirm the Robbery-----
Jo. By whom?
1 *Off. Anony*-----
Om. S't----- [*He recalls himſelf.*
1 *Off.* This unbaptized Pagan----

Pleaſe

Pleaſe your good honor-----
Obl. I am *Andrew Grant*----
And rob'd my ſelf then-----
War. Now dry pated dunces
Conſult your ſpectacles------
Conſt. How hapned this
Erroneous miſtake ? { *They all look very earneſtly upon* Oblivio.
1 *Off.* It is not *Andrew*.------
2 *Off.* It muſt be *Andrew*-------
3 *Off.* No------
Conſt. I'm ſure it's he-----
View both his Olive-colour'd brow---- his four
And ſpiteful feature----- lowring countenance----
Which none can ſteal or borrow.
1 *Off.* Second thoughts
Find certainty-----
Jo. Wou'd I were fairly quit
Of this imployment----- reſolution ſtaggers
What to determine------ as did *Europe* once
About the *Portugueſe Sebaſtian*.
Serv. One ſtays without for Mr. *Warran.* [*Enter Servant.*
War. Who?
Ser. A neighbouring petty-Merchant.
War. What wants he?
Ser. A Pack or Fardel, all his bag--- and baggage :
His name is *Andrew Grant*.
War. Why, *Andrew*'s here----
Ser. Nuncupatively known ſo----- by a nickname,
The Genuine *Andrew* waits at door.
Jo. Admit him----- [*Exit Servant.*
An unexpected *Oedipus* is come
T'unriddle this *Ænigma*.
War. Seem diſmay'd----- [*To* Oblivio--- *aſide.*
Obl. Farewell diſguiſes, fallacies and juggling,
Leger demain : for you have thruſt my neck
Within a nooſe, a voluntary trap
Of ſelf-contrivance : *Andrew Grant* untwines
What I have ſpun, with myſtical deluſion,
And wipes away the *fucus* of falſe colours : { War. *whiſpers with* Clay.
My Viſard is tranſparent, Madam *Salus*
With all her artifice cannot relieve me.
Conſt. Chear up, dear *Andrew*, be not thus diſmay'd,
And ſtupified with diſmal apprehenſion
Of Whips and Halters----
1 *Off.* Let not diſcontent
Sit on thy mildew'd cheeks----

Conſt.

Conſt. Tho thy laſt clew
Of life be twiſted----- we will not forſake thee----
But ſing a lamentation at thy *Exit.*
Obl. Hem----hem---- Avant *Job*'s comforters! for I
Am Piſtol-proof---and ſhot-free---I defie you. [War. *bows.*
Jo. Warran adviſes well----do you ſecure [*To* War.
That cunning Sophiſter in cloſe reſtraint:
Then bring in *Andrew*----for prudential care
Allows not both at once to hear intrigues
Of croſs examination by the *Juſtice.*
Officers lay hold on Oblivio.
Obl. Unhand me ſlaves---what mean you--- fiends and furies!
Ho---an Arreſt---why---Gentlemen, aſſiſt me
To Pump theſe Beadles——Spirits——Thieves---Bandits--{*Trips up their*
So——reſt you well—— thou art my captive—— {*heels, takes up a Watchman.*
Conſt. Follow——
Reſcue thy fellow Watchman——follow *Bomby*—— [Ex.) War. Obl.
He's but a Milk-ſop Juſtice that can ſee
A Ruffian mock authority, and thus [*Conſt. in a paſſion.*
Deface the painting of my Staff without
Fury and indignation: Bite your Thumbs,
Spit ſparks of fire, or give licentiouſneſs
A Patent to rebel: that I may break
My uſeleſs Scepter, and no longer ſtand
The Pariſh Sentinel.
Jo. Peace——ſome ſhall ſmart
For this upbraiding.
Seek. Seriouſly——your Worſhip
Briefly expounded to us an ingenious
And artificial way of fanning truth
From chaff of error in this ſhadowed cauſe
(In ſooth the skimmed cream of Politicks,
And much beyond example)——

To them—— Warran, Oblivio *perſonating* Andrew Grant, *his habit ſomewhat altered.*

War. Oblivio, play thy part.
Obl. Why——yonder Moles
Will own me——and when *Andrew* comes,——renounce him.
War. Senſes may be deluded, natural eyes
Want perſpicuity, and fancy Viſions {War. *makes a ſhew*
Shews, and *Chimera*'s for ſubſtantial truth, {*of Wonder, looking*
Soon cheated, and unable to diſcern {*much on* Obl.
Appearances from truth.
Obl. You ſee no variance,

It

It seems, between a Pageant and a Pedlar.
War. Our sight was muffled up with gloomy mists
Of painted and false colours.
Obl. While you live
Beware of painted faces and false colours.
Const. My eyes at last are open——
Obl. Save you, neighbours!
Om. Yes marry this is *Andrew*——
1 *Off.* I'll depose it.
2 *Off.* Never more welcom, *Andrew*——
Obl. What's the matter?
Const. A Spirit or Magician in thy shape,
Thy Journeyman, thy other self sold pins——
1 *Off.* Neck-laces——Looking-glasses——Ginger-bread
Here in the Market.
Obl. Who——
2 *Off.* Thy other self——
Obl. It seems-- he stole my person with my wares.
Const. Acted a Pedlar——put us in a fear——
Obl. I was at home——my other self was here——
Here was *deceptio visus* plaid by *hocus*.
Jo. Fellow, what are you?
Obl. Please your Honored Worship!
My name is *Andrew Grant*——by profession I am a Tradesman——otherwise——a petty Chapman——otherwise a Merchant in Epitome——otherwise——an Adventurer in small Wares——that is to say——a Retailer of Prunes——that is to say——
Jo. Forbear such words of affectation.
Obl. Yes——Sir——
Even——as it were——a diminutive Exchange-man---Even——as it were——a thin-stockt walking Warehouse——Even——as it were——an *Omnia mea mecum porto*——
Even as it were——
Jo. Peace, errant Knave——
Obl. Emphatice a Pedlar.
Jo. Leave canting—Sirrha—and speak plain as I do——
Thou art a pack of Knavery——
Obl. Thou art
A pack of Knavery——
Jo. Egregious Knave!——
Obl. Egregious Knave——
Jo. Disroab that Counterfeit——
Justice has whips for sawcy Rogues——
Obl. Disroab
That counterfeit——Justice——
Jo. Bind him fast in Chains,

And

And ſcourge him ſmartly.
War. For ſubmiſſion to
Your peremptory order——by no means, Sir.
Obl. Fain would I pleaſe his Worſhip——
Jo. At your peril——
But you are playing anticks on a Stage:
Rather than uſe ſuch mimical grimaces
Be mute, and practiſe taciturnity:
Some ſay thy Pack is plunder'd——I require thee,
Name in plain *Engliſh*, him who broke thy Shop.
Obl. Um'h——
Jo. Raiſe your voice one *minome* higher——
Obl. Um'h——
Jo. I do not hear well——
Obl. Um'h——
Jo. What does he murmur?
Obl. Um'h—um'h——
Jo. Speak louder, Sirrha——
Obl. Um'h--um'h---um'h——
Jo. Let Juſtice *Clay* be *nonplus't*, and his name
(If thou eſcape) be raz'd out of Commiſſion.
War. Your countenance is ſtern, and terrifies
His fainting faculties——then queſtion him
With gentle words, and ſo diſcover truth.
Jo. Speak freely, neighbour——
Obl. By fair yea and nay——
My Warehouſe and my Wares are rifled by
Notorious Thieves, and fame reports aloud
Their aſportation hither. [*To* Warran.
Jo. Go——bring in [*Exit* Warran.
The adulterate Zany from captivity
To hear his doom——ſhrewd evidence, my Maſters,
For finding *billa vera* by a Jury
Of fowforth Tales-men——

To them——Warran, Andrew Grant *in the ſame habit that* Oblivio *had before.*

And. ——————why——you relate
Impoſſibilities.
War. Unveiled truth
Without a mask——now play your maſter-piece.
Conſt. Stand off——depart——
1 *Off.* Go further---further yet——
Aloof from this Magician.
And. Gentle friends,

Know you not me?
Conſt. Yes——very well——ſhut in
The caſements of your ſenſes to keep out
Inchantments ——
1 *Off.* Hence Hobgoblin——Cacodæmon——
And. Awake you dreaming Ideots!
Omnes. We defie thee.
And. My moſt familiar friends——
Conſt. He invocates
Familiars ——
And. Gather up your ſcattered wits,
And own with ſalutation *Andrew Grant.*
Omn. We all diſown thee by that appellation.
And. Strange inhumanity to ſcoff one out
Of his good name.
Omn. Thou never hadſt good name.
And. Away Phanaticks, you are Planet-ſtruck:
Unto theſe worthy perſons I appeal
Who will affirmatively vouch my name
Is *Andrew Grant.*
War. No——
Seek. No——
Ja. No——no ſuch matter.
Obl. Friend——uſurpation of a tradeſman's name
Is wilful rapine, and oppoſes law,
A Cozen-german once remov'd, I take it,
From felony.
And. But, brother, under favour,
Without offence or penalty of law
I may aſſume the name of *Andrew Grant.*
Obl. Not whil'ſt I live.
And. Your reaſon.
Obl. I am *Andrew.*
And. How?
Obl. Pray——friend reſt contented——
And. Andrew Grant! ——
Obl. The very ſame——the Pedlar of *Lough-habber.*
And. Some baſtard illegitimate——
Obl. Excuſe me——
Legitimate, and *purus putus Andrew.*
And. Rather a new ſprung up *Utopian* Muſhrome——
Bifronted *Janus*——
Obl. Mungrel Captain face——
And. I am the Pedlar by fair yea and nay, Sir.—— [*To* Clay.
Obl. But I am *Andrew* ——
And. I came in at door,

But

But like a by-blow thou cameſt in at window.
Obl. Obſerve and ponder my dimenſions well,
My countenance and every feature——then
Let an impartial judgment moderate——
What think you? who am I?
And. My *Malus Genius.*——
If you ſhould prove my ſelf, then who am I?
Obl. E'en who you pleaſe——except before excepted.
And. Unheard of arrogancy, to perſwade one
Out of himſelf! See, Gentlemen, once more
If I be *Andrew Grant*——
Jo. No——
Seek. Nothing like him.
And. All ſublunary things are tranſitory——
For look you, friend——laſt night I was my ſelf, [*To* Obl.
But now am turn'd a ſhadow no man knows.
Obl. Viciſſitude inheres to all things humane, [*holds up his hands.*
And. Where did you find me?
Obl. Dreaming here of wares——
And. Why——then you took me napping.——Gentle Maſter,
So may I drive a thriving trade, as I
Am unſophiſticated *Andrew Grant*,
And came for reſtitution of my goods.
Jo. You ſtole them from this man.
And. They are my own
Peculiar Chattels by fair yea and nay.
War. So help me goodneſs and your Worſhips favour,
This ſhifting *Proteus* fences rarely well
To ſave his skin.
Jo. And ſets a lively gloſs
Of pure integrity upon his crime
Able to baffle *Andrew*, and divert
The guilt upon an innocent.
War. Without
Your Worſhips moſt judicious Eagles eye.
Jo. Sirrha——thy impudence is ten times worſe
Since thy reprieve from Priſon, and ſince we
Took your examination in this room.
And. My feet ne'er preſſed this room before, beſides
My blameleſs life commitment never knew.
Jo. Not here before——audacious, forked tongue?
Omn. We all bear witneſs——
And. In my abſence then
You ſaw me here.
Omn. We ſaw thee.
And. Mortal eye

Never beheld inviſibility.
Jo. Sirrha---you ſung no Ballads here!——
And. Not I.
Jo. You ſold no Panegyrical Romances,
Nor with ſcurrility abus'd us all——
Conſt. Nor ſpurn'd my ſtaff.
And. By yea and nay---not I.
Some ſpirit or magician in my ſhape
Preſented here his Gipſie merriments
By name *Oblivio*———
Obl. Ha---trapanning knaves
Among our ſelves? S't———
And. Twinkling ſigns ſhall not
Prolong immediate publication——
Obl. S't——
Jo. Of what?
And. A plot, or Comical deſign
Of our facetious Pariſh-Clerk *Oblivio*
To wheadle Juſtice *Clay*. [*They pluck off his hair.*
Conſt. How's this——how's this!
Oblivio lurking in Comedian dreſs!
Underhill in diſguiſe—— {*This part of* Oblivio *was intended for Mr.* Underhill.
Seek. O curſed caitiff
Thou ſcandal of the brethren? this ſurmounts
Hypocriſie of Jeſuits, and thy portion
Is among Felons on the triple tree.
War. Peace---hear the Court pronounce his final ſentence.
Jo. Since execution is the life of Juſtice
And law without it but a ſpiders loom,
My ſentence is to truſs him up in chains
Without reprieve or lingring hopes of pardon.
Obl. Courteous ſpectators of my calamity, ponder the laſt.
Words of a dying penitent---
Avoid lewd company,
Sack is an enemy,
Beware of ebriety,
And eſchew Venery.

To them---Sir Eucoſmus, Cytherea, *and Attendants.*

Sir *Euc.* A Conſiſtory held within my walls!
Is this your Senate-houſe---my dining-room
Your *forum*? who convenes the petty Seſſions,
And who is Lord Chief-Juſtice?
War. Juſtice *Clay*.
Sir *Euc.* Hah---*Clay* a Juſtice?

Jo. S't-----
War. One that uſurps
Upon authority----
Sir *Euc.* Preſumptuous ſop---
Sir *Politick wou'd-be*---graſping at a Cloud
Inſtead of *Juno.*
War. Give me leave to open
This unexampled caſe---Our Pariſh-Clerk
For perſonating *Andrew Grant* muſt dye
Upon a Gibbet: *Rabby Seeker* too
Did ſanctifie the ſentence with his vote,
Your zealous Mufti.
Seek. Let confeſſion wipe
Away my ſtains with tears of recantation.
Omn. We all beg mercy.
Sir *Euc.* Mercy out of ſeaſon
Suckles offences on compaſſion's paps,
And he who launces not corruption may
Nouriſh a ſpreading gangrene----Canon law
Shall cenſure Maſter *Seeker:* for the reſt
I conſtitute *Oblivio* general
Miniſter of correction to imprint
With laſhes good behaviour on their ſhoulders.
Obl. March on, delinquents,---place your ſelves in rank
By two and two---Sirrah---troop up before [*He ſtrikes the hindermoſt.*
The Kings *Corrigidore:* Is not my face
Auſtere and grim?
Conſt. Th' effigies of an hangman.
Cyth. My deareſt, put you ſword of Juſtice up
Within his Velvet ſcabberd: for this time
Let mercy throne her ſelf within your boſom:
At my Petition grant theſe trembling fools
A plenary indulgence.
Sir *Euc.* *Cytherea!*
Thy *placet* is my law: *Oblivio,* ſee
My Cellar be their Priſon.
Omn. All the gods
Shower bleſſings down upon you. [*Exeunt.*
Sir *Euc.* My dear heart,
I ask a boon----to ſee you dance, and foot it
Light---as the *Naiades* on *Pindus*'s brow.
A Dance by one or two Women----Dance ended
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT

ACT V.

John Clay, Master *Seeker*, *Andrew Grant*, Constable, Watchmen------all drunk.

Jo. DOst love me *Andrew?* } *They beleh in one anothers*
And. By fair yea and nay—— } *faces.*
More than a *bona roba*——
Jo. What say you? [*To* Seeker.
Seek. My friend——above Sack posset-drink—tru—ly——
Jo. *Then three merry boys*——
And. *And three merry boys*——
Seek. *And three merry boys are we.*
Const. Old grudges are forgotten——comprehend
Us Watchmen in your triple league——
Omn. Agreed——agreed.—— [*Musick.*
Jo. *Four merry boys*——
Const. *And four merry boys*——*With Sack and Claret reel.*
Seek. *Let the musick sound*——
And. *And the world turn round*——
Omn. *On circulations wheel.*
And. *Four merry boys*—— [*Enter* Warran.
Jo. *The Pedlar titubates*
By yea and nay——
Const. *His feet Indentures make*——
And so do thine, and mine——*begin*——
They dance,--dance ended---Clay *and* Seeker *fall, the rest stumble out.*
War. Brave opportunity——their drousie senses
Are fast lock't up in senseless Lethargy
Which a broad side of Cannon cannot open } Clay *and* Seeker
We'l shift accoutrements, that *John* may play } *carried out.*
The Clergy-man, and *Seeker*, Master *Clay*. [*Exit* Warran.

Oblivio---Fidelio---*both in disguise as Sir* Adrians *Servants, both conscious of designs on all sides.*

Obl. Wonder of wonders——congruous onely for
Credulity of Women! Tell me true
Fidelio—is that villain *Julian*
(Who meant to sacrifice my tender babes
T' eternal ruin) quartered at next Inn?

Fid.

Fid. So ſure as Sun will: ſhine you left me there
For obſervation of occurrences
That often happen croſs: my fortune was
By ſly inſinuation to conjoyn
In fellowſhip with *Julians* followers,
Who told me that Sir *Adrian Somerfield*
Their Maſter after tedious voyages
Was like *Ulyſſes* come to repoſſeſs
His patrimonial inheritance
And ſee his daughter Madam *Cytherea.*
Obl. Why, ſure this Crocodile that hunts for prey
(Damn'd Engineer bred up in Schools of Hell)
Has falſe intelligence that I am dead:
But let him Plot, while deſtinies combine
With me his arrogance to countermine.

To them —*Sir* Eucoſmus, Cytherea.

Sir *Euc.* Where——where's *Oblivio*? univerſal fame
Makes promulgation of long wiſh'd for news,
That is——Sir *Adrian Somerfield* my father
Alighted at the *Flower-de-luce* juſt now:
Run to ſalute thy Maſter. [*To* Obl.
Cyth. Burn perfumes
Made of *Arabian* incenſe, and ſweet gumms:
Strew azure violets with leaves of roſes } Delia *and* Nymphs
But where's my Siſter *Delia* and her *Nymphs* } *ſhew themſelves.*
With Laureate garlands?
Sir *Euc.* Follow——follow me——
Obl. Remit o're flowing duty one half hour——
Sir *Euc.* Paternal bleſſings value you no more?
Follow——for I one moment will not want
The benediction——
Obl. Of a Sycophant!
Sir *Euc.* How's this?
Obl. Obſerve me——he at *Flower-de-luce*
Is an audacious villain——come to cheat
Your family——my fellow ſervant knows him.
Fid. Perfidious *Julian*——to whoſe mercenary
And violated truſt our Lord and Maſter
Determining to travail did commit
A ſon and daughter with a bank of money:
But greedy avarice perverted ſoon
A gaping Miſers faith——to make away
Thoſe harmleſs infants for alluring gold.
Cyth. Me thinks *Adraſtus* and *Placilla* run

Like

Like half forgot Idea's in my mind.
Fid. Madam, the very ſame——but now my Maſter
Sir *Adrian*'s endleſs pilgrimage creates
New Machinations in his reſtleſs brain
Hearing perhaps my Maſter's in his grave
Or hoping time complections may tranſlate
Free from diſcovery, he comes to ſeize on
Sir *Adrian*'s whole eſtate, and cheat us all,
Sir *Euc.* But where's my father?
Fid. Poſting on the ſpur
Impoſtor *Julian* to anticipate.
Obl. Till his arrival for divertiſement
Retire into the gallery, where unſeen
You may ſit judges of a dialogue
Spoken between the Sycophant and me,
That ambiguities will reconcile
And throw the Jugler on his funeral pile. [*Exeunt.*
[*Obl.* and *Fid.* ſtay ſtill like ſervants.

To them——Julian, *and two followers.*

Jul. After a thouſand ſtripes, and horrid pains
Suſtain'd by mercileſs *Mahometans*,
Perils at Sea and Land, *Herculean* toil,
With kiſſes I ſalute my native ſoil. {Jul. *and Fol. bow to the ground.*
Malice her ſelf at laſt began to weep
For pitty, and when *Boreas* was aſleep,
Gentle *Orithyia* ſhut the door
Upon her late tempeſtuous Paramour,
And Sea-born *Amphitrite* in his room
Sent *Halcyonian* gales to waft me home.
And now ſince providence has lent me life
To viſit Sir *Eucoſmus* and his wife
My daughter *Cytherea*, let me die
And pay my debt to Nature.
Obl. So ſay I. [*Aſide.*
Jul. Are you retainer here?
Obl. The *Major-Domo*,
Or Houſhold-preſident.
Jul. Kind Officer,
Impart to Sir *Eucoſmus* joyful news
Here ſtands his Lady *Cytherea*'s Father.
Obl. Sir *Adrian!*
Jul. Yes——
Obl. Sir *Adrian Somerſield!*——
Jul. The very ſame.
Fid. Sir *Adrian*'s here indeed—— [*Aſide.*
But

But in diſguiſe,
Obl. Then let me kiſs your Veſtment.
Jul. So——my deſign ſucceeds——for ſuddain joy
Tranſports him with amazement.
Obl. Muſt I run? {*He runs, but turns back at the breaches.*
Jul. Run honeſt *Mayor-Domo.*——
Obl. ——Rather fly!
Jul. With ſwifter wings than Time. [*He flies.*
Obl. ——Or rather march {*He marches ſtately, but turns back, at the breach.*
At a more moderate rate.
Jul. March how you pleaſe.——
Obl. But firſt let me rehearſe——Sir *Adrian* once
A *Barbary* ſlave—— where Thieving is a trade—— [*He holds up his hands.*
Comes to ſalute my Maſter, and infold
My Lady in his arms——
Jul. Paternal arms——
A Daughters greateſt bliſs.
Obl. ——— It muſt not be. {*He begins to run, but turns back.*
Jul. Why ſo?
Obl. For fear they both run mad like me.
Jul. I like not his retreats.
Obl. Sir *Adrian* was
My Coætanean, and I knew him well:
Then fortifie aſſurance of belief
To undeceive opinion, and remove
Miſtruſt, becauſe I manifeſtly know
Sir *Adrian* me reſembles more than you.
Jul. To quite convince imaginations fear
My Witneſſes will every ſcruple clear.
1 *Fol.* Mediterranean Suns with tawny die,
Barbarian-like have tan'd his Phiſnomy.
2 *Fol.* Steep'd in the Sea by ſhipwrack *Dolphins* bore
Us on their backs to *Mauritanian* ſhore.
1 *Fol.* Then blaſting winds at night Mount *Atlas* ſent,
To fan us under th' open Firmament.
Jul. No wonder you my countenance diſown,
But features ſtill remain that may be known.
Obl. Sir *Adrian* was a taller man like me.
1 *Fol.* He ſhrunk i'th wetting ſowſed in the Sea.
Obl. Why—— that's another matter——but his chin
Wanted a ſevering dimple.
2 *Fol.* Entring in
The ſtraights of *Gibraltar* his face was broak
On *Herc'les*'s Pillars.
Obl. Pilots ſure miſtook
Their Compaſs—— but Sir *Adrian* had no Mole

Imprinted on his cheek.
1 *Fol.* A fiery coal
Singed the skin, whilſt heedleſs he did preaſe
In *Vulcan*'s ſhop to ſee how *Steropes*
Forgeded a Thunderbolt at *Stromboli*.
Jul. Yield now for ſhame ———
Obl. That you are Knaves all three.
Jul. Ungentle *Maior-Domo*, muſt I fear
Inhoſpitality inhabits here?
Expect ſevere chaſtiſement from my Son.
1 *Fol.* Or otherwiſe ———
Obl. What then?
1 *Fol.* Let us be gone.
Obl. Ingeniouſly confeſs whether you know
Sir *Adrian!*
2 *Fol.* There's a queſtion ———
Obl. I ſay no.
1 *Fol.* That is to ſay we're blind ———
2 *Fol.* To end the ſtrife,
I never knew him better in my life.
Obl. Moſt true without colluſion ———
1 *Fol*, Is not here
Sir *Adrian?*
Fid. Yes — he's here — but that's not he.
2 *Fol.* Our Maſter Counterfeit? what are we then?
Fid. In Viſards *Taxe*, and *Simia*, — *Julians* men. [*This firſt aſide.*
Jul. My frozen blood congeals — ſince we miſtook
The *Genius* of this Manſion, (where falſe hope
Did warrant friendly refuge and repoſe
From near Relations on the downy lap
Of Love and Duty after everlaſting
Calamities) and find that Savage *Moors*
Were courteous in compariſon of friends:
So that no former age can parallel.
Your inhumanity — we bid farewel.
Obl. No — no receſs — excuſe me — ſhut the gate —
Stay to bear Witneſs how we celebrate
Sir *Adrian's* entertainment: All his way
Dame *Flora*'s Maids ſhall ſtrow with flowers of *May*:
Lightfooted *Nymphs* ſhall dance while Muſick plays;
And *Muſes* ſing with chaplets made of *Bays*:
Then ſhall paternal Love acquire the bliſs
Of meeting filial duty with a kiſs.
Be Witneſſes — and then as well as I
For falſe aſſertions give your ſelves the Lye. [*Ex.* Obl. *and* Fid.

Julian,

Julian, 2 *Followers*, *Warran* liſtening.

1 *Fol.* This perillous pated man confounded us
With overweening Wit.
2 *Fol.* And overthrew
With captious craft our well compacted plot.
Jul. Sure he's a Witch——
1 *Fol.* A notable wiſe man.
Jul. And ſees myſterious ſecrets of the heart——
2 *Fol.* As plain as we read changes of the *Moon*,
Trines, and triplicities in *Almanacks*.
Jul. My hopes are diſappointed——
1 *Fol.* O——alas.
Jul. And I undone for ever——
2 *Fol.* O——woe's me.
Jul. A deſperate caſt-away——
1 *Fol.* Oh——me——Oh——me.
Jul. Utterly loſt to mankind——
2 *Fol.* O——woe's me.
Jul. Sunk in eternal Ruine——
1 *Fol.* O——alas.
Jul. And wounded mortally——
2 *Fol.* Woe's——woe's me.
Jul. Adviſe me in diſtreſs——
1 *Fol.* Alas—— alas.

Enter Warran.

Jul. Is this your beſt aſſiſtance?
2 *Fol.* O——woe's me——
We cannot help our ſelves——but here approaches
A ſecond *Nuncio*——
Jul. Help me, bleſſed *Saints!*
——Without neceſſity *Devotion* faints.
War. My Maſter and his Lady humbly beg
Your pardon for their ſlowneſs to prevent
A dutiful obſervance on their knees——
1 *Fol.* Pray once again, good Maſter!
War. And reſolve
To puniſh for example how you pleaſe
Their Servants tardy notice.
2 *Fol.* Maſter, pray!
Jul. A Fathers fond affection longs to ſee
And claſp his deareſt children in embraces
Before ſome rude companions (lately gone)

Preclude that happineſs.
War. They'r turn'd away
And both caſhier'd.
1 *Fol.* Our Maſter need not pray.
Jul. Againſt their ſpight my piety prevails.
War. (*Mercurius* helps me out with gloſing tale.) [*Aſide.*
Follow me to your chamber——thus the *Sun*
Shews glorious after glooming Clouds are gone. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene opens and diſcovers Sir Eucoſmus, Cytheria, *and the Nymphs richly attired with Garlands ready to attend Sir* Adrian, *one burning ſweet Odours, two with a baſket ſtrowing flowers, Muſick playing ſoftly.*

Servant, Delia *and her Nymphs, Sir* Adrian, Fidelio *in rich habit.*

Serv. Where are the Lady Nymphs?
Nym. In yonder Bower
Expecting news—— [*Exit.*
Ser. Sir *Adrian*'s at the door. [*Ser. uſhers in Sir* Adrian.
Sir *Adr. Fidelio*'s truth all ages will commend [*Muſick ceaſes.*
More faithful than *Achates* to his friend:
In volumes celebrate Hiſtorians muſt
Among black Swans the true Feoffee in truſt:
And in their writings you the author call
Of my beatitude terreſtrial
In Sons and Daughters——
Fid. Rather hear and ſee
This moſt magnifical Solemnity.
1 *Nymph.* After his tedious Pilgrimages end,
Hail to Sir *Adrian* our *Penates* ſend:
From Sir *Eucoſmus* we his father greet [*They all bow very low*
With dutiful Salutes below your feet.
But Madam *Cytherea*'s all on fire,
And by her waiting-maids in this attire
Imparts a Cordial welcom——her exceſs
Of joy comes near eternal happineſs.
Once on mount *Ida* triumphs every year,
Did magnifie the birth of *Jupiter:*
And *London* will with Bells and Bone-fires own
Her Monarchs Reſtauration to his Throne,
So long as *Sun* and *Moon* endure: but we
Will conſecrate to all Eternity
This day your Feſtival, and firmly Seal
Our Law with lower, but no leſſer Zeal.
Sir Adr. Sure I ſhould make my proſtrate honor low,

Down

Down to the ground when Goddeſſes do bow:
Diſpenſe with ſtooping congies from old age
His ſtifneſs, but accept the vaſſallage
Of a devoted ſoul to honour you:
Though limbs are obſtinate, my heart ſhall bow.
Your honey-ſpeech was ſweet as Woodbine-flower,
Of Sugar-lips too ſoon was ſhut the door.
Soft as the wool of Beaver was your ſtile,
Which makes my raviſh'd ſenſe of hearing ſmile:
But with delight my ſenſe of ſeeing ſpies
More aimable marvels in your eyes.
2 *Nymp.* On *Clotho*'s diſtaff happily were ſpun
Our threads of life, till now her ſpindle run
Moſt fortunate, that we Sir *Adrian* ſee,
No living ſoul ſo welcom is as he.
Our ſtroaking fingers with *May*-mornings dew
His weakned body's vigor ſhall renew,
Then gently place him on ſome Couch of eaſe
Wrapt in a road of Virgin kindneſſes:
If Maiden drops of blood Chirurgeons need
To heal your bruiſes——every vein ſhall bleed.

A Song by one of the Nymphs.

COme pretty Hamadryades,
And all the Fairy Goddeſſes
A Deity you muſt adore
Greater than Pan, *nay what is more,*
To him Apollo *will his harp reſign:*
For us without him there's no bliſs:
Salute his footſteps with a kiſs,
And ſing melodious Hymns you Muſes *nine.*
Chorus *Now that the bleſſed hour is come,*
Proclaim Sir Adrians *welcome home.*
1 Eccho *Sir* Adrian's *welcome home*——
2 Eccho *Is welcome home.*

More welcome——than is Sun-ſhine heat
To teeming Meadows that are wet
With prolifick Aprils *tears:*
His favours Madam Venus *wears,*
And you already are enamoured:
Then dance about him in a ring:
Still I muſt rejoyce and ſing
Though joys extremity may ſtrike me dead.
Chorus *Now that the* &c.

If our rudeneſs give offence
Pardon Virgin innocence:
But we truſt the fault is leſs
Acted through obſequiouſneſs:
Then favour our redundancy of zeal,
O——*that we may live together*
And your Empire laſt for ever
Over affections in our Common-weal.
Chorus *Now that the* &c.

After the Song follows a Fairy Dance.

1 *Nymp.* Men ſay——by nature women are propenſe
And prone to weary with impertinence:
That Critical opinion to deceive [*Bow to the ground.*
We ſilence complement and take our leave. [*Still muſick.*
{*Ex.* Nymphæ---Delia *and* Mariana
{*after their habits altered return.*

Sir Eucoſmus *and* Cytherea *run to ſalute Sir* Adrian——
Tibullus *following them.*

Sir *Adr.* Riſe from the pavement, deareſt children riſe, {*Muſick*
Objects of gladneſs for paternal eyes! {*ceaſes.*
I ſupplicate that heavenly bleſſings may
Deſcend in ſhowers upon you night and day:
With kiſſes let me wipe away the rain
That trickles down my daughters cheeks amain:
From childiſh weeping all refrain, leſt we
May drown in tears this day of *Jubilee.*
Sir *Euc.* For mighty joys expreſſion in more ſtate
My thoughts Orations did premeditate
But formal ſpecches whiſtling like the wind
Oſtentate wit, not loyalty of mind:
Sincerity makes little noiſe, and flies
From hollow-hearted gay formalities.
The pureſt zeal Pedantick words will ſhun,
Then welcome, deareſt Father, to your Son——
But where's *Oblivio?* From his Maſter'ſi de
What new impediment can him divide?
Some ſiniſter misfortune there muſt be.
Sir *Adr. Oblivio*'s dead———but ſtill ſurvives in me. [*They ſtart.*
I was *Oblivio*——playing on a ſtage
My antick parts, the humors of this age.
Better to trace *Incognito*, and hear
In what condition my loſt-children were.

Which

Which by *Fidelio*'s help my faithful friend
Is well-nigh brought to moſt ſucceſsful end.
Cyth. Neareſt to joys of heaven ſuch content
My ſoul ſurpriſes with aſtoniſhment,
That words, my deareſt father cannot give
Of infinite delight the narrative:
O——that my breaſt were open to your eye
To manifeſt by clear trauſparency
How love and duty on ſubmiſſive knee — {*She kneels, he takes her up.*
Beg for a bleſſing proſtrate there like me.
But now my grateful thoughts do hold debate
How I *Fidelio* may remunerate
My Foſter-father, whoſe induſtrious care
To cultivate my breeding did not ſpare
Expence, beſtowing on me ſuch a bliſs
In Wedlock as might pleaſure Princeſſes:
His daughter ſhall be mine——
Sir *Euc.* And I will pay
An ample portion on her marriage day.
Fid. True friendſhip is not mercenary——all
That I deſire is love reciprocal.
Sir. *Euc.* But now with gracious aſpect, Sir, look on
Tibullus our illuſtrious Neighbours Son. [*He imbraces* Tib.
Sir *Adr.* Your infant-tongue at my departure hence
Begun to prattle liſping innocence,
But now that tender ſprig's maturely grown
O're-topping every Cedar in the Town.
Tib. For all it's pride, unleſs ſupported by
Sir *Adrian*'s cheriſhing, the tree will die,
Sir. *Euc.* My Siſter *Delia* too muſt kiſs your hand. [*He ſalutes* Delia.

To them—— Julian, *and two* Followers *conducted in by* Warran.
War. After deliverance from toſſing waves [*To* Julian.
In *Neptunes* blue dominions —enter now
The peaceful harbour of tranquillity
Where Surges make no furrows.
Jul. Firſt I bow
To providence my guide, and then to you,
War. Step forwards Cavaliers, without miſtruſt: [*To the two* Foll.
Here are no ſplitting rocks or ſwallowing ſands
Of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*: —— mend your pace—— [*Ironice.*
Herculean Pillars will not break ones face.
1 *Foll.* Um'h---I ſuſpect ſome fraudulent trapan { *War. goes, and whiſpers with Sir Euc.*
By that concluſion——
2 *Foll.* Sure as thou and I
Are curſed Rogues—— [*Aſide among themſelves.*
1 *Foll.*

1 *Foll.* To cheat with hollow Die
Is *Simia*'s master-piece———
2 *Foll.* But *Taxe* his fingers
Are nimbler at purloining of a Purse———
1 *Foll.* For sixpence thou wilt swear a thousand lies——
2 *Foll.* But *Taxe* for less will murder enterprise.
Jul. My cause must needs miscarry trusted to
The manage of such rake-hell Advocates.
1 *Foll.* And what are you——is subornation then
Of Perjury no crime?
2 *Foll.* We are all but men. [Warran *returns.*
War. No remedy but patience——
Jul. What's the matter?
War. Sir *Adrian*'s here before us——O——alas. [Ironice.
Jul. Then cleave asunder, courteous Earth, my shame
To bury in Oblivion.
War. O——woe's me. [Ironice.
Jul. Dear fortune, second now my last reserve——
Most honoured friend! for gratulation I [*To Sir* Adrian.
Throw *Julian* on the ground below your feet.
Sir *Adr.* Welcome from *Vulcan*'s shop at *Stromboli*—— [Ironice.
But are my children come?
Jul. The tender babes
To my great sorrow too untimely dy'd, [*Sir* Adrian *starts.*
The fatal course of destinies dead hand
No fervent pray'rs or vows can countermand.
Sir *Adr.* Present my children——otherwise all three
Shall suffer shameful death.
War. Woe's me——woe's me. [Ironice.
Fidel. Your children live——but with a barbarous kind
Of cruel inhumanity were soon
Cast off by *Julian* to blind fortunes mercy,
Till my compassionate and watchful care
Unknown to any did conveigh them home
With two enamel'd Rings which now they wear.
Adrastus I preferr'd to Sir *Eucosmus*
By name of *Warran* for a play-fellow
To keep the secret hidden from the world.
Sir *Bue.* His education generous was like mine
Without distinction, duty so did shine
In his behaviour always towards me
That mastership became fraternity.
Fid. *Placilla* then a pratling girl did play
With *Cytherea* as her waiting-maid
By name of *Mariana*——but withall
Her breeding was ingenuous like her sisters.

Cyth. We ſiſters were before—— my arms and thine [*To* Placilla.
With clipping Careſſes ſo oft did twine
About each others bodies, none could ſpy
In kindneſs who exceeded thou, or I,
That mutual correſpondence of our love
Neareſt relation cannot now improve.

Sir Eucoſmus *leads* Placilla, *and* Cytherea *leads* Adraſtus *to ſalute Sir* Adrian.

Sir Adr. Almighty bleſſings guard you from all harms——
Her Father's frozen blood *Placilla* warms. [*To his Children.*
I'll ſeek no more adventures without end,
Nor tender Lambs to Tygers recommend:
Then creep into his lap who loves you beſt,
Here my young *Plecans* ſhall build their neſt.

After a little pauſe the new-found Relations ſalute one another.

Sir Euc. Old Faith and Troth *Fidelio* keeps alive.
Cyth. Fidelio's friendſhip is ſuperlative,
Adra. Fidelio's our good Angel——
Plac. In diſguiſe
For our protection leaving Paradiſe.
Tib. Fidelity in him alone reſides——
Del. And has no Temple upon earth beſides.
Sir Ad. Perfidyous *Julian!* ſince contrivances
Of thy miſchievous brain prove inſtrumental
To general Triumph here by lucky chance,
My indignation's partly pacified:
Placilla's portion firſt repay before
Diſmiſſion paſs——then ſee my face no more.

Firſt Foll. runs behind the ſecond, then he behind his fellow, then the other behind him——to hide themſelves from Sir Adrian.

Jul. Now that my reputation's blaſted by
Perpetual ignominy, day and I
Muſt never be acquainted: Birds of night
That cloſe their peeping eyes at glimmering light
Of bluſhing morn muſt my companions be,
For otherwiſe the World will hoot at me.—— [*Exit.*
Sir Adr. Heroick *Affidavit*-men! I think—— [*To the 2 Fol.*
Not to contrary wiſer skill—— that you [*They bow.*
In my opinion—— very well deſerve—— [*They ſtrung.*
Gentle correction——by the common Beadle. [*Exeunt guarded.*

Adraſtus, Father and Brother! we an amorous pair [*Leading* Delia.
Of love-ſick Turtles humbly here declare
A Combination, kneeling to remain,
Till free conſent for Marriage we obtain. [*They take them up.*
Tibul. And ſhall Divine *Placilla* too be mine? [*Leading* Plac.
Sir Adr. Moſt willingly———
Sir Euc. Moſt freely we reſign
All Right and Title———Mr. *Seeker* ſhall
Soon copulate the Knot *Canonical*.

To them—— A Servant brings in John Clay *in the habit of a Parſon drowſie and rubbing his eyes —— in* Seekers *cloaths.*

Jo. You took me napping——not allowing time [*To the Servant.*
To waſh my face, and kemb diſordered hairs.
Sir Euc. Come, Maſter *Seeker*——
Jo. Seeker!——he's not here.
Sir Euc. The drowſie Parſon's not himſelf, I fear.
Jo. I never was a Parſon——yet my Coat
Methinks reſembles Clergy-habit.
Sir Euc. We
Accoſt you with a double marriage fee.
Jo. Let me return my proper ſelf to find,
For coming hither I was left behind.
Sir Euc. Well, Maſter *Seeker*, will you diſoblige
Two Bridegrooms with ridiculous delay.
Jo. I either am——or ſhould be Maſter *Clay*.
Omn. Ha——ha——he——
Sir Euc. Then pardon my miſtake.

Servant whiſpers to Clay *all the ſtory of the new-found Relations—— they point at them——* Clay *ſeems to be over joy'd, and bows to them ſeverally.*

To them——Maſter Seeker *in a paſſion in* Clay's *apparel.*
Seek. Thieves—Thieves—purſue, examine, apprehend
All perſons in the room——for thoſe that laugh
Are acceſſaries——yea——I muſt cry Thieves
Have plundered every veſtment from my back
Under the roof of Juſtice——I ſay——*Juſtice*:
Is this a laughing matter?
Jo. From his back——
Is plundred every veſtment he did wear——
Sure—ly——ſome *German Princeſs* has been here.
But my apparels likewiſe ſtoln, and I

Charge

Charge Maſter *Seeker* with flat Felony. [Seek. *fumes.*
Sir Euc. To puniſh Felony, belongs to us,
And Defamation too, if ſcandalous——
Produce ſome proof!
Jo. He wears them on his back—— {Seeker *looks on*
Sir Euc. A probable, but not convincing ſign {*his cloaths.*
Before his anſwer———
Seek. Maſter *Clay* wears mine. [Clay *looks on his.*
Sir Euc. Upon my knowledg either party wore
His own peculiar cloaths within this hour.
Jo. Since then I never did diſroab———
Seek. Nor I——
But painful ſtudy forcing ſleep upon me,
Fancy that ſeldom ſleeps begun to pray
For Maſter *Clay*'s converſion in a dream:
The Thief at my awaking run away,
Jo. Hereafter learn to Watch as well as pray.
Sir Euc. Here's a confounded controverſie—— not
Determinable.
Adraſ. Yes —— the *Gordian* Knot
Is ſoon untwiſted——with your cellars wine
They fell ſo deadly drunk, no art of mine
The chains of ſleep was able to unbind,
So I transfer'd their habits as you find,
That laughter you to my conceit might pay.
Sir Adr. And this was humoured well by Maſter *Clay.*

Servant whiſpers alſo to Seeker *the ſame ſtory, and who ſeems to rejoyce—— they point——* Seeker *bows to them ſeverally.*

Sir Adr. But, Maſter *Seeker*, canting hum's——and hay's ——
Phanatick viſions——Independant ways——— {Seeker *bows, and by*
And *Oliverian* principles abjure: {*ſigns ſeems to be pe-*
Or ſtand ſuſpended from the Pariſh *Cure.* {*nitent.*
Seek. With tears I ask forgiveneſs———pardon me
A Proſelyte to true conformity.
Sir Adr. Put Sacerdotal veſtments on within,
And Wedding Ceremonies there begin {Clay *and* Seeker *un-*
With expedition——my reception here {*button a pace.*
(Of true *Civility* the *Theater*)
Has met with unexpected welcom by
This bountiful *Aſſembly*—— therefore I
Muſt love and honor every friend———to wit
My friends upon the Stage———and in the Pit.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

The Scene opens, and discovers *Venus* in a Bower attended as before in the *Prologue*, Musicians playing---- *Aerial* Spirits descend, and make low obeysance to *Venus*---- And joyn with her Nymphs in a Dance---- the Dance ended, *Venus* speaks the *Epilogue*.

NOw, kind Spectators, gently signifie
Your pleasures---- must this Poem live or die?
If Musick of applause salute my ear
In gratitude I'll often meet you here.
And Lovers Masculine, my promise is
T' incline the favours of your Mistrisses:
Who leads his Mistris to my Myrtle Grove,
While I stay here, shall never die for Love.
And, Ladies, if Apostacy you find,
Or wavering protestations prove unkind, { Throws her Girdle
Here take my flaming Cestus *---by degrees* { into the Pit.
To bring disloyal Servants on their knees: [A Lady takes it up.
Madam, the pow'rful operation try The Lady strikes
For an Experiment whilst I stand by--- { her Gallant with
By vertue of my Girdle's potencie, { the Girdle, who is
Be all enamouring Queens *of Love like me.* { suddainly enamored.

FINIS.